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4th Edition

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
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TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE
Sole Lessee, Mr. Frederick Harrison. Managers, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude
TO-DAY, at 2.30, and on SATURDAY NEXT and EVERY FOLLOWING EVENING, at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.
Adapted by Edward Rose from the novel by Stanley Weyman.
Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Miss Winifred Emery.
MATINEES, EVERY DAY THIS WEEK (except Friday), and
EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.
NO PERFORMANCE THIS EVENING.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton), 10 to 5. —HAYMARKET

DALY'S THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Augustin Daly.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
Mr. George Edwardes' Company in the Japanese Musical Play
THE GEISHA: A Story of a Tea House.
The book by Owen Hall. Lyrics by Harry Greenbank.
Music by Sidney Jones.
Box-office open 10 till 6, and 7.45 till 10.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE
Sole Lessee and Manager, Henry Lowenfeld.
THIS AFTERNOON, at 3, A PIERROT'S LIFE, with Mdlle. Felicia Mallet, Miss Ellas Dee, Mdlle. Litini, La Petite Jerome, M. Jacquinet, and Signor Rossi.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, LA POUPEE.
SATURDAYS, at 2.30 and 8.15.
Messrs. Courtice Pounds, Norman Salmond, Wibrow, Thorne, Cheesman, Deane, Dixon, Walshe, and Willie Edouin.
Mdmes. Ellas Dee, Stella Gastelle, Kate Mills, Irving, and Alice Favier.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, George Edwardes.
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8 (doors open at 7.40), Mr. George Edwardes new production
THE CIRCUS GIRL,
A musical play by James T. Tanner and W. Palings. Lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross. Music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton.
Box-office open daily from 10 to 5
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. Doors open 1.40.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE
A. and S. Gatti, Sole Lessees and Managers.
EVERY EVENING, at 9,
A NIGHT OUT,
Preceded at 8.15 by ROUND A TREE
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 3
Doors open 7.45. Box-office open 10 to 10

SAVOY.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.
The new opera, HIS MAJESTY, by F. C. Burnand and R. C. Lehmann, music by A. C. Mackenzie. At 7.50, WEATHER OR NO. The Theatre will be CLOSED on SATURDAY NEXT (April 17), REOPENING on MONDAY. Box-office, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Proprietor and Manager.

GARRICK THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, H. T. Brickwell.
EVERY EVENING, at 9, and SATURDAY, at 3,
MY FRIEND THE PRINCE.
By Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Preceded at 8.15 by THE LADY LAWYER.
Doors open 7.55. Box-office 10 till 10 daily.
Seats may also be booked at the principal libraries.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, THE PHYSICIAN. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Marion Terry, and the Criterion Company. Doors open at 8.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30 (April 17 excepted). NEXT WEDNESDAY MATINEE, April 21.

ST. JAMES'S.
Mr. George Alexander, Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT, at 8 punctually,
THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY; or, THE FANTASTICS.
An original Comedy in Five Acts, by Arthur W. Pinero.
Doors open 7.30; commence at 8 punctually.
Box-office open daily 10 to 10.
MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 21, and EVERY FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.
NO PERFORMANCES TO-MORROW and SATURDAY NEXT.
—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

COURT THEATRE.
Sole Lessee, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.
NOTICE.—This THEATRE will be CLOSED TO-NIGHT, TO-MORROW, and FRIDAY, RE-OPENING SATURDAY NEXT, April 17, with SWEET NANCY.
Preceded by A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.

COMEDY THEATRE, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET.
Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Sole Manager.
NO PERFORMANCE THIS EVENING. On SATURDAY NEXT, April 17, at 3 and 9,
SAUCY SALLY.
Adapted from "La Flamboyante"
A Farce in 3 Acts, by F. C. Burnand.
Mr. CHARLES H. HAWTREY and Company.
At 8, BYEWAYS, by George S. Payne.
MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY (Wednesday Next, April 21, excepted), at 3. —COMEDY
Box-office open 10 to 5.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster. Lessee, Theatrical Enterprises (Limited).
Under the direction of Mr. A. H. Chamberlyn.
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8, a new musical play,
THE YASHMAK.
A Story of the East.
By Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks. Music by Napoleon Lambelet.
MATINEE, SATURDAY, April 24, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. Doors open 1.30.
Box-office open from 10 to 10. Acting Manager, Mr. A. F. Henderson. —SHAFTESBURY

ALHAMBRA.
FREGOLI, TO-NIGHT, at 9.40. Hungarian Ballet, THE TZIGANE, at 10.35.
EXCEPTIONAL VARIETY PROGRAMME.
The ALHAMBRA BOX-OFFICE (open from 10 to 6) is now TRANSFERRED to the New Grand Entrance in CHARING CROSS-ROAD, which is the ONLY ENTRANCE for all RESERVED SEATS. Doors open 7.30.
The NEXT FREGOLI MATINEE will take place on SATURDAY, April 24, at 3.
Alfred Moul, General Manager.

EMPIRE.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, new ballet, MONTE CRISTO; Also the CINEMATOGRAPHE (Lumière's). Varieties: Semmel's Russian Singers, Abdullah Arabs, Gresham, Claremont's Animals, Tony Wilson and Clown, Agnes Delaporte, Henri French, and Les Minstrels Parisiens. Doors open at 7.45. Mr. Arthur Roberts will shortly make his appearance as the Great Trickoli.

PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, the most popular artistes. Mdlle. Fougere, Mdlle. de Fontenoy, Fred Russell, Mons. Hewelt and his Automaton Theatre, The Marianis, Sadie Jerome, C. B. Kay, Spink and Spink, Dutch Daly, G. W. Hunter, Mdlle. Alexia, the Carangeot Troupe, Mdlle. Vonare, Lionel Hume Miss E. Courtney, and the New American Biograph.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—On Bank Holiday and during the week the Aquarium performances will commence punctually at 10 A.M. (doors open 9 A.M.). The show capable of being witnessed by tens of thousands of visitors, will be the biggest on record. Early varieties 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. The World's Greatest Show from 2 to 5 and 7 to 11.40; 400 artistes, 200 varieties. In the interval between the afternoon and evening performances there will be concerts, conjuring, &c., all for 1s., children 6d. To-day see as under:—
WONDERFUL SIGHTS.—See SAMSON, the Mighty Man, the Strongest Man on Earth; the Fisheries free Exhibition, marvellous and unparalleled performances free. Finney's great Dives free, enveloped in flames free. Miss Annie Luker's great Dive free. Early Varieties (free), 10.45 A.M. The World's Greatest Show (free), 2.15 and 7.15. 400 Artistes and 200 Varieties (music, song, and dance), all free; extraordinary and blood-curdling Illusions free; Spirits floating in mid-air free; lovely Living Pictures by Artists' living Models free; Feats of Skill and Daring, &c. All free.—Through tickets by District Railway. See the Swimming, &c. Unparalleled attractions up to 11.40 P.M.

1865—1897.

Reminiscences are in fashion to-day. We ourselves, having attained the full manhood of a Ten Thousandth Number, have persuaded our first Editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, to write for us an essential chapter of our biography. With equal modesty Sir William Harcourt has fallen back upon Sir George Trevelyan for an enthusiastic if not particularly judicious summary of his own political history. "A great Parliament man" is Sir George's definition of the Liberal leader; and we may fairly claim for ourselves that we have been a paper with a great past. An interesting past, anyhow, with the plunge into Radicalism that Mr. Greenwood mentions, followed by the return to the securer paths of Conservatism become Unionism. Sir William Harcourt, as eulogized by Sir George Trevelyan, has to answer for no such inconsistencies. On the contrary, by his unswerving devotion to the good old cause he has raised the standard of public life in this country. Well, a sentence about "stewing in Parnellite juice" rather obstructs the view down that vista of political rectitude, but it would be unkind to labour the point. There are passages in every life which the friendly biographer is bound to touch with a light hand, and if Sir William has not been precisely an Aristides, he has fought for all he was worth under the colours which he served for the time being. And we feel all the tenderer for him, because he has been in politics almost as long as ourselves. "When I came into Parliament," he informed the Eighty Club last night, "I found Sir George Trevelyan a veteran Member of the House of Commons." As a matter of plain fact, the latter was returned Member for Tynemouth in '65—our own birth-year—and some three years later Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the eminent Queen's Counsel, became the Liberal Member for the City of Oxford. Sir George, accordingly, had barely won a name for himself as the advocate of Army Reform and the foremost supporter of the Extension of the County Franchise when Sir William proceeded to develop those Whiggish reserves as to the expediency of the ballot which almost persuaded political observers, if not his own very astute self, that he would end as a benighted Tory. Still, exactitude is not to be expected from those who indulge in political retrospect, and, being in a self-complacent humour, we are far from finding fault with Sir William Harcourt for purring over his own variegated experiences.

As an old-fashioned Parliamentarian Sir William is shocked at a good many innovations into the practice of the House of Commons—the frank and free use of the closure among them. Here again it would be easy to reproach him with forgetfulness of his own comparatively recent history, notably during the feverish nights when the Home Rule Bill was under discussion. But a more instructive parallel than between Sir William of a year or two ago and Sir William of to-day is to be found in a comparison of the Parliamentary conditions of '65, which he was studying with an intelligent curiosity that had been sharpened by his unsuccessful candidature of Kirkcaldy Burghs, with those of the moment. The alterations that have taken place in politics explain a good many things, and the closure among them. The Queen's Speech which is to be found in the reprint of our first number was the last that Lord Palmerston helped to frame. There was a truce of parties, in expectation of the inevitable day when the Treasury Bench would know him no more. Hence the House proposed to dabble leisurely with revision of statute law, with laws relating to patents for inventions, with the jurisdiction of County Courts. Parliamentary reform used to be mentioned from time to time, and the aged Prime Minister, as Mr. Disraeli said, was wont to talk, not in its favour, but about it. A quiet, sleepy time that, so far as domestic politics were concerned, though Europe had barely recovered from the turmoil created by the war between Austria and Prussia on the one side and Denmark on the other—a complication in which, to be frank, this country did not play a particularly dignified part. In '65 the Conservatively-minded leader of a mildly Liberal Administration was kept in power on the understanding that he would do next to nothing. A Unionist Government, however large its majority, cannot attempt the same easy-going tactics to-day. The compound householder has put in his appearance since the sixties, and after him there has come the agricultural labourer. And so Parliament has to legislate; wisely, if possible, but, at any rate, it must legislate. Whether or no Acts passed at Flying Dutchman speed are to the advantage of the democracy is a question easier asked than answered. We may at least congratulate ourselves on being able to echo the modest opinion of the Queen's Speech of '65, that the general condition of the country is satisfactory.

BIRTH AND INFANCY OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

The day for the publication of the Ten-Thousandth Number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* coming round, they who guide the paper turn to its original Editor for an account of how it came into the world, with a word about the writers who won for it its first fruits of distinction. The response must needs be limited and sketchy. With the portraits and "characters" proper thereto, the memoirs of the little paper for the fifteen years that it was in my charge would fill a book.

Many of the present readers of the *Pall Mall* never saw it in its original form, and when they look at the No. 1 which has been reprinted for them, they must please understand that what they view is an ungrown, unshaped, ungroomed thing as compared with what it soon became. Others forget what it was, and few remember how much novelty it carried both in appearance and substance. Fewer still have ever seen Canning's weekly publication, the *Anti-Jacobin;* but get a copy of that famous sheet, with another of the 1864 or 1865 *Saturday Review*, put them together, turn their pages over, and you will recapture the idea for the original *Pall Mall.* Here is one sort of thing, and here another; make as good a combination of the two as the current supply of mind allows, throw in a scrap or so of novel feature, mix with an eye to the needs and demands of the hour, publish every day, and you will have a new thing that ought to be a power and a glory. That was the hopeful idea; which, however, would have breathed a more flattering tale but for a suspected paucity of Cannings, Pitts, and Freres in the available talent of the time. Yet all that was quaintly graceful in the old-fashioned form of the *Anti-Jacobin* could be repeated, and even improved upon. It was on a large quarto page of two wide columns that the "Loves of the Triangles" and "The Needy Knife-grinder" were printed—a handsome page in details, yet with one broad defect, stumpiness. But the details could be followed—the old-faced type, the lettering of the title, the italic capital head-lines, and other conducive trifles; while the columns could be lengthened into elegance, and so at the same time provide a more spacious and convenient sheet. And Canning printed upon tea-paper of different shades and qualities, all bad: *we* should come out on a fine cream-tinted paper, such as was only used for books in those days. Outside or inside,

THEATRICAL NOTES.

There is quoted in another column a lament of George Henry Lewes on the state of the theatres in '65, and the remark is made that his views of audiences—of the large, ignorant, and too-well-served audience, and the smaller and better taught and neglected—are those of present-day critics. We have just read an article by Mr. Davenport Adams (in the current *Theatre*), saying exactly the same thing as Lewes. And so the world goes round. But it is a tenable position (though we do not hold it) that our prospects now are worse than they were in '65. For, as Mr. Davenport Adams says, "pieces of the sort described"—inferior sorts—"appear to have struck new veins in the strata of the British public." No doubt, and they are not particularly intelligent veins. The "religious public," which has been "tapped," as it were, by Mr. Wilson Barrett, is not quite bursting with brains. Nor is the great mass of the people, which an increased diffusion of comfort has enabled to go to the theatre. There are thousands of people going to the theatre now whose equivalents forty years ago would have thought it an impossible extravagance, and, by the way, there are very many going to the stalls who forty years ago would have gone to the pit. In '65 the theatre-going public was a more special one, and though it was on the average as ill or even worse educated than the theatre-going public of to-day, it had at least the education of the playhouse. All that is in favour of '65. What we think balances, or more than balances, the account is the greater diffusion of "ideas" and a wider spirit of scepticism in regard to prepossessions. The nation may be as stupid as ever, but it is not quite so proud of its stupidity, so quite cocksure that its stupidity is wisdom. The "choice public" of Lewes's affection is larger than it was in his time, and if it can be lured into frequent playgoing there is hope. For our part, the musical farces and adaptations of novels and so forth—the plays of which Mr. Adams speaks with some contempt—often entertain us very passably, and we maintain an unruffled serenity. Still, we are on the side of the angels, and would welcome a more intelligent state of things.

There is a good prospect of French plays in the season. Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt comes to the Adelphi on the 21st of June with "Lorenzaccio." Before that we are to see the versatile and vivacious Mdme. Jane May at the Royalty; she comes on May 17, and will play "Divorçons" and George Sand's "La Petite Fadette." Translations of French plays are, of course, in the air. Next Saturday there is Mr. Horner's adaptation of "Le Sursis" at the Avenue; and we read that Mr. Bourchier (who opens with "The Queen's Proctor," also, of course, an adaptation, at the Strand on Saturday) has secured the English rights of M. Paul Hervieu's "La Loi de l'Homme."

So we are to see Mr. Wilson Barrett in "Hamlet" again. He announced on Saturday that he hopes to revive that play, as well as "Virginius." Moreover, he desires to produce "Othello." Shakspeare is looking up. An interesting announcement is that we are to see Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "You Never Can Tell," next month at the Haymarket. The play, which is a four-act comedy, was read to the company on Friday last, and the cast is to include Mr. Allan Aynesworth, whose pleasantly flippant style we have missed for some time, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. J. H. Barnes, and Miss Winifred Emery. It will be an especial relief to see Miss Emery in a modern comedy again.

St. George's Hall, dear to the associations of one's youth and invested with a dim robe of clerical sanctity, and to be remembered when one thinks of one of the most genuinely comic entertainers this sad country has produced, has been renamed "The Matinée Theatre." We have tried to think of a sillier name and have failed. In the first place, everybody hates matinées, in a general way. Critics associate them with extra and inconvenient work, and people in general with taking their young brothers and sisters to the theatre. A playhouse devoted to matinées suggests a place where inferior plays only will be produced. That is our general idea, and we are sorry, because the vague prejudice we feel may be felt by others. And, after all, St. George's Hall was a very good name. However—on Saturday afternoon "La Revanche des Cigales" will be produced, and Mrs. Bernard Beere will recite—we congratulate her on being able to appear again. On Monday evening—*why* the "Matinée Theatre"?—a comic opera in two acts, called "The Money Spider," the words by Mr. Arthur Eliot, the music by Mr. Clarence Lucas. If St. George's Hall is not good enough, why not the Langham Theatre?

there was nothing like this ideal in what I should have hesitated then to call "the market."

Thus, the origin of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may be traced to the purchase of an old book in Holborn Bars. After due elaboration, the design for it was shown to Mr. John Parker, the acting member of a publishing firm in West Strand which then owned *Frazer's Magazine*. The scheme was approved; there were consultations about it with four or five men of the pen and men of the world—among them Arthur Helps, Charles Kingsley, and Froude, who were to write—and the thing was settled. But, not lastingly. Parker's father was an infirm old man, with only a little while to live, it was thought; and the risks of this new undertaking fretted him. So "Let us put it off," said his son. Of course I agreed, and soon afterwards it was the son that died and not the father.

Thereupon the scheme dropped out of mind. I was acquainted with Mr. George Smith (of Smith, Elder and Co.) for some time before I mentioned it to him, and then I spoke without intending a proposal. Nor did I seem to be so understood; but the charm worked. After a while the plan was tabled for discussion, and then for the settlement of various working details; a prospectus was issued (my first piece of writing for the paper), and the *Pall Mall Gazette* was launched. Its title was not my choice. I thought it trivial, feared that it would be "chaffed," felt that a meaning of snobbishness clung to it still; but it was commended to Mr. Smith by a strong regard for Thackeray, which prevailed. The designer of the paper was to be its editor, much against his will. He doubted his capabilities in the first place, and, in the next, looked for preference to a life less journalistic and more literary. *His* choice for editor (and he pressed it hard) was Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*. That this gentleman would have taken the post is very doubtful, and of course I did not foresee the era of Gladstonianism. As this suggestion would not do, I tried another way out; with no result, however, except to hear that "Edward Airving" would be the very man were he alive and in his right mind.

We did not begin with the splendid confidence which nowadays builds palaces for newspapers before they are born. We began modestly, but efficiently, with a printing-office on the then naked foreshore of the Thames where descent was made to its melancholy flats from the river end of Salisbury-street, and with editorial and publishing-offices in a dwelling-house in Salisbury-street itself. It had a castaway, precarious look, the printing-office, as if, washed up from Wapping or thereabouts by one tide, it would probably be carried on by the next; but it was well-appointed and perfectly comfortable, except on the rare occasions when excessive rain or spring floods compelled the printers to go in and out on each other's backs. Salisbury-street has been swept away; its very outlines have been obliterated, a great hotel spreading its monstrous pretentiousness over nearly all the ground it occupied. It was a narrow, gloomy, brooding little street, in which the roar of the Strand was soon lost; and its No. 14 was so near the river (on the right hand side going down) that if any printer had been really in danger of drowning a life-line might have been thrown from the editor's window. But what made the street dull also made it quiet, which was compensation heaped up and running over. We published in the front parlour. My offices were on the first floor—three rooms approached by a dark and narrow stair, and one of these rooms a cell scarce seven feet wide. But they sufficed. The narrowness of that little room was no obstruction to the deliverance of some of the best bits of journalism ever committed to print.

Look to the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (it is reprinted elsewhere) and it will be seen that the word "politics" does not occur in it, let alone the word "party." This was by no means because political affairs were excluded from the original plan of the paper, which, indeed, gave to their discussion the foremost place, the first page and the most inviting type. The omission is explained by a resolve (perhaps too prudishly observed) to hoist no political ticket, and by an opinion which every year's experience has confirmed: namely, that journalism cannot be true to its duty—which is to the public—and true to party obligation. Independence might have been proclaimed, of course. It is usual to do so, but, whether sincere or otherwise, that is a pretension which even thirty years ago was read as common form. Therefore the readers of the new evening journal were left to discover that its politics would be from day to day whatever the public credit and the public advantage seemed to determine; without the least reference to the Ins and the Outs. Besides, we were going to make less of politics than all daily journalism did at that time, and more of the many other things "that engage the thoughts, or employ the energies, or amuse the leisure of mankind": a large endeavour, which, however, the prospectus writer was careful to say there was no absolute promise to fulfil. And some things that were intended from the first were left unmentioned; one of them being that at no price should the publisher accept the scandalous advertisements that were commonly found at that time of day in journals the most respectable. Quacks made fortunes, money-lenders made victims, practitioners in actual crime furthered their trade through newspaper advertisements at (in some cases) special rates of payment! But all quacks are not rogues, and some money-lenders deal fairly enough, so that to distinguish among them is difficult: therefore a rule was made to exclude the advertisements of them all.

With a full commissariat of such good resolutions we set forth to produce our No. 1, and there it is; distinctly sampling a new "line" in daily journalism, but imperfect and disappointing as all first numbers seem fated to be. To travel over the widest difference between dream and reality, start a newspaper. It will be seen that the day chosen for our first appearance was the day for the opening of Parliament, which again shows that, despite the silence of our advertisement on that matter, politics were not to be neglected. It will also be seen by those who take the trouble to look that the *Pall Mall's* first leading article struck the dominating note in its politics throughout the whole fifteen years of its "first period." And in this memorable year of the Queen's reign, when our No. 1 is fished out of limbo and brought blinking to the light again, it pleases my forgetfulness to see that the first words of the paper were defensive of the Great Lady against a sort of persons no longer existing: grumblers at herself.

Perhaps the reader would like to know something of the writers in that No. 1: who they were. The name of one of them stands confessed: Anthony Trollope; he who with the aspect of a wild boar, and with not infrequent resemblances to the manners of the same, wrote those charming drawing-room novels of gentlemen and ladies, clergymen and clergymen's wives. Trollope was extremely ambitious to figure as a politician, and here he shows to great advantage; but a politician he was not born to be: he was born to write "Barchester Towers." The authorship of "Friends in Council," another paper in our No. 1, is proclaimed in its title; the scribe was Sir Arthur Helps, whose gentle wisdom of the world had brought him into great consideration. "Ladies at Law" was written by John Ormsby, a Saturday Reviewer, a humorist (not blazingly so, however, in this particular article), and devoted to the study and the worship of Cervantes. The "Letters of Sir Pitt Crawley" came from the very competent hand of Sir Reginald Palgrave, now Clerk of the House of Commons, who was then in the Journal Office of the House. The leading article was written by the Editor, the Occasional Notes by various hands—as they always were.

Other writers eminently serviceable to the paper will be mentioned presently; but as this is more particularly a sketch of its beginnings, we will name those first whose pens were at work for it in the first three weeks of its existence. With the second number Fitzjames Stephen began the long, fast-following series of articles which were a delight to him to write and to us no small credit to print. No journalist that I ever knew took so much pleasure in his work, or brought more conscience to it, or more eagerness and endeavour. Leading articles were the main of his contributions, but he also wrote in what were called the literary columns of the paper. Well, in our second number Fitzjames Stephen wrote, and Mr. Leslie Stephen (who in those days mixed his finely-sensitive criticism with large draughts of Lowell-like humour) and Mr. G. H. Lewes. The philosophers say that Lewes was no philosopher, and the more philosophical they are the more they say so. He is no longer here to suffer under what he felt as scholastic ostracism and described as scholastic ignorance; and if he *were* here he would not be consoled by what I am going to say. Which is, that as a writer for such journals as his own *Leader* or as our *Pall Mall Gazette* he could not be easily matched, so versatile was he, so lucid, so sparkling and adept. Here, then, was no bad trio for the second performance, and we kept it up. Before the end of this same month of February—Lewes and Trollope and Helps and Palgrave and Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen continuing their contributions meanwhile—to these writers were added Mr. Richard Hutton (and Mr. Townsend, also of the *Spectator*, if I remember rightly), Mr. James Hannay, Charles Lever, Sir John Kaye, Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Kebbel, and Mr. Higgins, better known and well known to the world as "Jacob Omnium." All these and other good hands busy in the first twenty numbers; and beautiful orange-coloured posters—themselves surpassing everything of the kind theretofore seen—making bold advertisement all over the town! There are orange-coloured posters now; but to liken their originals to them is to compare Mr. Liberty in his own muslins to Mr. Colman in his own mustard. What a demand for the paper there must have been, then! And how much more in the following month of March, when its pages were further graced and strengthened by contributions from George Eliot, Miss Thackeray, Theodore Martin, and Mr. C. D. Yonge.

But no. Anonymity was an inflexible rule for journalists then, and the public was slow to descry our galaxy of shining ones through the universal veil. It soon appeared that the new evening journal was not to achieve an immediate success. Ere many days we were conscious of what actors call a frost. A saying appropriate to February, our natal month, runs "As the days lengthen the cold strengthens," and, in the actor's figurative sense, with us it was so beyond all reason. March brought no greater warmth, and April less. The wintry thorn remained with us in May, the June rose perished and there was no rise. (That a man should joke about such things!) Indeed, if memory serves, it was on a lovely summer day, all nature beaming, that our circulation figured at little more than half a thousand, and our advertisement receipts totalled only four and six. To within a week or two this is a faithful account of a very miserable time, when to stop or go on became a question daily renewed, but without any question of fighting sturdily and spending handsomely as long as we did go on. When things were at their worst, there was an interesting suspensive stage in these hesitations to go on, of which I say nothing except that it was an immense relief to one who never for a moment doubted that success lay ahead. And from the beginning of that suspensive stage, the new evening journal began to move star-ward. Not much, but yet a little more and a little more as the autumn waned and winter came again, and then we had a piece of luck in a rousing sensation.

Talking with Mr. Smith and Mr. Lewes one afternoon of the prospects of the paper, I happened to say that to my sensations it was like a captive balloon, ready to soar, and restive against the rope that held it down. Could we but cut the rope—— At this Lewes opened his remarkably wide mouth and said with a loud guffaw, "And whose business is it to find the knife?" A fair taunt and a deserved, it went *through*. Pain, when it is sharp, is always a mental stimulus to me; and that evening I set about looking for the knife (for the seventy-and-seventh time) in confidence that this time it would be found. And so it was. It came wrapped in the recollection of some dreadful reports of investigation into certain infirmaries, which reports excited no public attention whatever, being printed in a medical journal. This recollection suggested a night in the casual ward of a London workhouse as a sort of knife that might accomplish several beneficent bits of business at one stroke. As to the carrying out of the idea, I knew of somebody who could do it as well as any known man in England, Mr. Dickens excepted. Who that was need not be told; nor that Mr. Dickens himself could not have reckoned on making a greater sensation than "The Amateur Casual" did with his three descriptive papers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

All that might have been written after this visit to a casual ward was not written: could not be described in a public print at that insufficiently advanced period of the century. But what was suppressed could be otherwise made known; and so altogether, here was a good stroke for poor-house reform, and a knife was applied to that tethering rope. It was thought at the time, I know, that the publication of the Night-in-a-Workhouse articles had an immense effect at once on the sale of the paper; but that was not the case. Yet it had a very good effect: if not enough for joy, quite enough for satisfaction. A considerable number of subscribers was added immediately to the list, and from that date the paper rose steadily to a high position of favour and authority.

Nothing served the popularity of the paper better than its Occasional Notes, of which two to four columns a day were printed after a while. They were a novelty as we dealt in them, and no less attractive to writers than to readers, every variety of matter being admitted, from a joke of Lever's to a touch of science from Jermyn-street. Jacob Omnium wrote little else. The work exactly suited his piquant, pungent humour, and he took such pains with it that after sending in two or three finished bits ten or twelve lines long, he would come down to the office and spend half an hour in reducing them (in proof) to eight or ten. Lord Strangford, a priceless contributor of laughing criticism and Eastern knowledge, wrote many notes; but the man who did most and best, in a style that has been hacked and hacked till it sickens, was Mr. Maurice Drummond, a true "original" in mind and character, who had been private secretary to Lord John Russell and Sir George Cornewall Lewis: the *Pall Mall* owed a great deal to Maurice Drummond, who, however, was not among its first year's contributors. Lewes wrote dramatic criticism that lasts and is quoted still; and in the *Pall Mall Gazette* he offered the first thoroughly appreciative and adequate welcome to Darwin's "Origin of Species" that appeared in print; as Darwin always remembered. Trollope contributed some admirable hunting-sketches, and some imitations of Captain Stirling's political thunder (once so telling in the *Times*) that could not be stood; which being made known to him, he retired in anger. Mr. George Goschen and Mr. Thomas Hughes came into our leader-pages early in the first year, Matthew Arnold began to write before the end of it, and, sooner or later in that same year, John Tyndall, Lord Houghton, Mdme. de Peyronnet, and Robert Giffen, who was for a long time our best of City editors.

I should go beyond my brief in straying from the cradle-year of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and though after so long a time I should see no harm in telling of the many other "bright, informed spirits" who wrote for it in my day, want of space forbids. But of course the paper was not "made" in the first year, nor in the second; and some writers who came in in the third, the fourth, the fifth, are to be thanked as much as any. The elder Herman Merivale, as belonging to the earlier of these—a writer of admirable leading articles, and wiser than half the men who sit in Cabinet Councils; and Sir Henry Bulwer, and Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Huxley, and Sir George Grove, and Reade, and Winwood Reade, and Laurence Oliphant, and Sir George Chesney, and Sir Frederick Pollock, and (among foreigners) Barthélemy St. Hilaire—these and a score of such; and when they were reckoned, either injustice would be done by omitting the names of other most competent and serviceable writers, or else there would be an additional list no more intelligible to the public than if all made up of Mr. Joneses and Mr. Browns. So no more, except to say that the loss of Fitzjames Stephen when he went to India in 1869 as Legislative Member of Council was followed by the accession of Sir Henry Maine, who was a frequent contributor to the paper till the Radical flag was hoisted upon it in 1880.

And so I make an end, with that very brief glimpse beyond a very meagre story of the *Pall Mall's* beginnings. The whole story would have lots of interesting things in it—literary, political, historical, biographical—besides being strongly illustrative of the rise and advancement of journalism in England. Not till after 1865, I think, was such work as Stephen's "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" in one kind, and the "Gamekeeper" of Richard Jefferies in another, ever seen in a daily paper, whether published in the evening or the morning. One or two of those other beautiful books of Jefferies first came out in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, all to receive an exasperatingly small amount of attention, a not inconsiderable amount in itself, but so much less than their manifest worth and charm deserved as to be painfully disappointing to Jefferies' editor. The sharpest pang the editorial mind can know comes from the opposite direction. It is more than a mental pain. It smites the Herr Pretender to Critical Acumen through midriff to backbone when he finds that some good thing which all the world applauds and buys was by him declined with thanks. After that, the worst pain is when a fine piece of work which he knows to be fine, and sends forth with anticipations of another procession of Cimabue, goes almost unregarded. That it slowly but surely makes its way is satisfaction served up much too cold.

But, in one shape or another, such disappointments are common enough. Hardly any notice was taken at the time of a remarkably good stroke of what is called "journalistic enterprise." After Waterloo, there had been no such tremendous event of its kind as the Battle of Sedan and Napoleon's surrender. Many newspaper correspondents, furiously emulous, witnessed the conflict; but ours was the man who, by theretofore unthought-of tactics, got home with the news first; crossing the Channel by special boat, and writing his account of the battle and the surrender in a special train from Dover to London. And, practically, he was first by two days! Arriving on a Saturday afternoon, Mr. White got out a brief but telling report for a late edition. In Monday's *Pall Mall* the whole history appeared; and no other report was published in England till the next day. Mr. White brought from that desperate field—which he crossed on his way home in the dusk of evening while the battle was fretting to an end—a very remarkable trophy. He was on Sedan heights with the Prussian king's staff while the battle was going on; and was present when the wretched Napoleon's messenger approached with a letter of surrender. In token of his office, he carried a table-napkin at the end of a stick. Holt White begged the rag of the king, and brought it away in his pocket. What is that piece of linen worth to the reigning German Emperor?

I thought of saying something of a little series of papers written by a young Boer about Boer affairs, which, being printed in his own quaint imperfect English to prove them genuine, were for that same reason suspected of fabrication. Something might be found in them worth reprinting just now. And there is a tragic tale of a time when the offices of the paper were garrisoned by the Metropolitan police, and its editor was seen into his cab at night and out of it in the morning by plain-clothes constables stationed at each end of the street; this state of things lasting for many weeks as a precaution against certain Fenian designs which had been betrayed to Scotland Yard. And how on one night at a corner of that street, and on another night on the Kensington-road, near Queen's Gate——But all this has nothing to do with the cradle year of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

[The following is the original Prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as it appeared in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere.]

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE:

AN EVENING NEWSPAPER AND REVIEW.

It is difficult to describe the plan of an enterprise like the PALL MALL GAZETTE without seeming to boast, or to decry the efforts of others. But we are unwilling to lose the advantage of a few words of explanation, and we therefore trust the candour of the Reader for a just interpretation of our meaning.

The PALL MALL GAZETTE will contain all the news proper to an Evening Journal. But addressed as it will be to educated men and women, the space of the Paper will not be occupied by trifling chronicles, nor by that excess of words which adds nothing to the interest of newspaper records, while it destroys their significance. Literary considerations alone would determine us to have our News Reports written in plain English; but beyond these there is the fact that the lessons to be found in many an accident of human life or social polity are lost in the turgid language in which they are commonly narrated.

Events made known by the Morning Papers may be discussed in the PALL MALL GAZETTE of the same day, but they will not be reported anew. Trustworthy advices from the Money Market will be included in the News of the Day.

The rest of the Paper (by far the greater part) will be made up of original articles, upon the many things which engage the thoughts, or employ the energies, or amuse the leisure of mankind. Public Affairs, Literature, the Arts, and all the influences which strengthen or dissipate Society, will be discussed by men whose independence and authority are equally unquestionable, and who are accustomed to regard the public expression of opinion as a serious thing. This is the chief aim of the PALL MALL GAZETTE: to bring into Daily Journalism that full measure of thought and culture which is now found only in a few Reviews.

At the same time, we by no means intend to make the Paper pedantic or solemn. Humour is too powerful, as well as too pleasant, to be left out of the design; which will lose none of the advantages of occasional trifling. If a thing can be said better in verse than in prose, it will be said in verse. Epigram, but not spite—burlesque, but not vulgarity—will be readily admitted into its columns; and since a joke is often as illustrative as an argument, good jokes will be welcome too.

It will be understood that this Advertisement is rather a proclamation of idea and of effort than of promise. But the proclamation is not made before a large number of able writers have accepted the idea, and pledged themselves to the effort.

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Occasional Notes.

The Australian papers have published the text of Mr. Chamberlain's letter of invitation to Sir George Turner, the Premier of Victoria. We seem to remember reading that text somewhere before, but as the *Times* brings it out as if it were something new, we must be mistaken. However, its publication in the Australian press is new, anyhow. Gracefully worded as it is, it will have great effect for good in the colonies of the South. Mr. Chamberlain in this matter speaks for the whole nation, and Australia will be proud and pleased to reflect that she means much to us all to-day. Next to the desire to see her Majesty herself and testify to our loyalty, the item of June 22 that we are all most keenly anticipating is the sight of the Premiers and troops from every portion of our great Empire. It will be a splendid show, but it will also be much more. We are all Imperialists now, and the days when the colonies ranked only with the foreigner as a market for trade, only that and nothing more, are dead and buried.

JOHN BULL BUYS HIS TEN THOUSANDTH "PALL MALL."

This is one of the off days so far as the Turco-Greek frontier is concerned. There are vague rumours that it is spotted all along with sundry fresh bands of raiders who are going where glory awaits them, but nothing that can be called definite. The pause seems to be filled up by the usual comic interludes. Assim Bey, the Turkish Minister at Athens, and M. Skouzes, the Greek Foreign Minister, have had a lively couple of dialogues. Assim Bey: "There were Greek regulars with the raiders. Why did not your troops stop these said raiders?" M. Skouzes: "There were no Greek regulars. Why didn't *your* men stop the raiders?" Assim Bey: "Good afternoon." Next day —Assim Bey: "There *were* Greek regulars." M. Skouzes: "There were not." Both together: "It's no use arguing with such a man." At Constantinople the dear old *Ikdam* has taken a turn, and explained that the battle of Diskati was fought by 5,000 Greek troops, and that 2,000 Greek corpses now cover the field. But it is to be feared that this interval for refreshments will not go on very long. There will be further bands over the frontier directly, if they are not already there, and it is possible to ask too much even of Turkey's patience. Besides, whatever the Porte may order, its hands are as likely as King George's to be forced. And the *Times* correspondent points out that the Athenian army is almost at its last drachma. Only an internal loan can avert starvation from it, and that can only be got by war. If the Powers mean to do what they can to stop it, they have no time to waste. "What they can" lies in Crete.

Sir William Harcourt's private opinion about the *Daily News* would make uncommonly good copy. Every time he opens his mouth about Crete and Greece, the faithful organ, while putting in the complimentary cheer, finds it necessary to explain that it is very easy to misunderstand him, and that he doesn't mean what you would naturally take him as meaning. How can he, it asks with a bland smile worthy of Mr. Labouchere, when he sanctioned the blockade of Athens in 1886 and said or didn't say this, that, or the other as late as 1892-5? "What he *did* mean is quite clear." He did not blame Lord Salisbury last night for entering the Concert; he only said that Lord Salisbury ought to have shown more backbone when inside it. We really cannot say what the *Daily News* wants; most of us understand to whom it is due that Crete will get real autonomy instead of one of Yildiz Kiosk's patents, and that Greece has been treated so remarkably gently. Sir William's burlesque of the workings of the Concert does not read much like any approval of dealings with it, we must say. He is for a return to the "policy of Canning," but how exactly he did not condescend to explain. He is content to wrap himself up in the virtue of his "definite" motion that failed, though what precisely its definiteness was it would still take the *Daily News* to explain. He mentions casually that the Powers will very likely "bombard the Acropolis." Really there are some fanciful flights that are just a little too much so, even after dinner.

Before the members of the London County Council departed for the Easter holidays they did an important thing. They decided to seek powers from Parliament next year to invest the sinking fund in well-secured ground-rents in place of lending all the money to local authorities at an unremunerative rate of interest. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was the author of the proposal, and Mr. Costelloe and Mr. Lawson were his aiders and abettors. It is a little startling to find such ardent champions of the leaseholders and bitter critics of the ground landlords proposing to constitute the Council a municipal ground landlord and dwelling with all the eagerness of property jobbers on the reversions to the rack rents. Where is the Leasehold Enfranchisement Association, that bantling which Mr. Lawson nursed so long and so tenderly? Gone; clean gone. There is no emancipation for the leaseholder, and the good people who paid their subscriptions to Mr. Lawson's little society have been thrown over with the smallest amount of compunction. Let us be the first to welcome his return from the clouds to the sphere of practical politics. His acceptance of the fact that ground-rents are an unassailable security argues a receptivity of mind that will stand him in useful stead some day. Meantime the action of the Council must result in the hardening of the ground-rent market.

If the statements made at yesterday's meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London are correct, the Commission has a big grievance against the General Post Office. The Commission has been endeavouring to obtain, in the public interest, some concessions to telephone users from that monopolist body the National Telephone Company, as a condition of granting permission to the company to lay down telephone wire conduits in the footways. But the Post Office has frustrated this scheme by letting its own underground circuits to the Telephone Company, and this it has done without so much as "by your leave" to the Commissioners of Sewers. The latter object to be "spoofed" in this way, naturally, and they have asked the Treasury to interfere. The G.P.O. ought not to be used for the convenience of private companies against the interests of the public, and the complaint of the Commissioners of Sewers will have to be thoroughly looked into.

A NOTE OF PAN.

Bright, silver rains sweep under
The silvery skies of spring,
From brief clouds swept asunder
By April's shining wing:
Swift, radiant showers slanting
Through depths of radiant air,
That leave frail blossoms panting
With the sweet load they bear.

O tender, wond'ring faces
Of primroses, that star
The sun-possess'd green places
Where warmth and perfume are:
O coral'd creepers, looping
Grey walls with fibres brown:
O timid cowslips, drooping
Rain-burden'd, on the down:

Be glad, as I am gladden'd,
To drink this fragrant wine,
Whereby the earth is madden'd
With ecstasy divine.
Thanking the god who poureth
The sparkling draught unseen,
Whose gen'rous hand restoreth
Life's joy in Hippocrene.

So there is to be an irruption of bimetallists from the West after all, in spite of Senator Wolcott's denial. "International bimetallism" formed an unobtrusive plank in Mr. McKinley's election platform, and there must be something to show for it. Hence this roving commission composed of Senator Wolcott, Mr. Stevenson, and General Paine. General Paine is a sound-money man; Mr. Stevenson a sound Democrat who does not know much about money; and Senator Wolcott, as we know, dines, sups, and dreams on bimetallism. So the commission will be representative enough. But it will have to content itself with being representative and respectable. It would take a great deal to convert the business men of Europe who understand bimetallism, if there are any, even to the international brand thereof. The commission, if it wanted to be convincing, should have included Senator Teller, who, the *Times* tells us, is in the habit of shedding tears when he thinks of the ratio of 16 to 1. An emotionalist bimetallist might make things hum. We should soon come to St. James's Hall demonstrating about the Evaluation of Pi, and the Government turned out for being unsound on the Absolute. As it is, it will be rather hard to convince England that sixpence can become a shilling by calling it so.

A new way with box-office keepers has been placed to our credit by the Paris press. An individual whose make-up and habiliment would have ensured his immediate recognition as a British subject on any stage in France and Navarre, presented himself the other morning in the box-office of the Athénée-Comique Theatre, and in the unmistakable accent of Stratford, asked for a couple of stalls for that evening's entertainment. At the same time he exhibited before the horrified eyes of the lady boxkeeper a written demand for the immediate transference to himself of the funds in her possession. A hint of what might happen if the transfer were not amicably effected was conveyed by the revolver which this singular playgoer had drawn and levelled. The book-keeper, however, proved herself equal to the situation. She shut down her pigeon-hole, dived, and screamed. The policeman took the cue, and entered. Then he took the playgoer. "Who are you?" he asked. "I am an Englishman," the prisoner confessed, without any foreign accent, and in the French of Paris. All was explained. But this is how we get ourselves disliked.

Trachom is the German name for a well-known form of ophthalmia. It is defined in the medical dictionaries as ophthalmia militaris bellica contagiosa, and is especially located in Egypt, though it would seem to have passed in its moral form into Greece. There has been a recent case of this malady in Arad, in Hungary, and it attacked the master of one of the district schools near Arad. Now omniscience has always been the foible of the pedagogue, and the master in question sent in his sick certificate giving the disease its scientific name—Trachom—and writing its Greek name in Greek characters by the side. *Omne ignotum pro terribili*; the school board was at once summoned to sit in council, and the Pfarrer of the village proposed that the teacher should be released from his duties by reason of grievous sickness. The following conversation is then reported as having taken place:—Several members: "What is the illness?" The Clergyman: "Trachom." The Mayor: "Trachom! that must be a terrible sickness. We do not even know its name." The Clergyman (solemnly): "It is a sickness which may devastate the whole community." The Mayor (after consulting a dictionary): "Trachom would seem to be a form of the foot and mouth disease." Prolonged sensation. The sequel, as recorded by the *Pesther Lloyd*, is yet more tragic. A hurried consultation was held, and it was proposed that "in order to save the life of man and beast the teacher ought to be shot." This vote, we are told, was carried by acclamation, but, unfortunately, afterwards vetoed by the president. Arad will probably offer this pedagogue to Dr. Koch for treatment by serum—*sero sed serio*, especially for the teacher.

The late Rogue Riderhood entertained a noted affection to what he called "poll-parroting." He did not mean by the expression precisely the same thing, perhaps, as what is implied in Genoa by the more modern term of psittacosis, but the poll parrot has got itself quite as much disliked in the Mediterranean as ever it did in Limehouse Hole. For though psittacosis be the somewhat flippant-sounding name of a new disease, the disease itself is of a virulent and deadly nature, and it is the parti-coloured poll parrot who, in some mysterious way, brings it out from its native Brazil. Once psittacosis gets started in a house, that tenement is very soon to let. Hence it appeared to be only a reasonable precaution on the part of the Genoa health authorities, when there was recently issued a notice requiring all the parrots in the place to be brought by their proprietors for examination before a medical board—until, that is, the date of and the signature appended to this document had been more closely scanned. Then there was a good deal of public joy evinced at the spectacle of a major of the garrison progressing towards the board, with his orderly behind him carrying his parrot on his fist. The major did not understand this. The door-keeper at the Health Office shook his head, and referred the officer to the undertaking department. Still he did not understand. But the porter of the undertaking department referred him to the almanac. Then the major understood that it was the 1st of April.

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(*Publishers' Announcements continued on Page* 5.)

THE EVENING NEWSPAPER—1872-1897.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

IT should not, I think, be complained that the title which has been given to this retrospect is too general for the occasion which I have been invited to join in commemorating. For the history of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the last quarter of a century is practically the history of the evening newspaper for the same period. In 1872 this now mature journal was, so to speak, in its childhood—a vigorous childhood, no doubt, and one of even precocious promise, but still, in a certain sense, childhood all the same. Its position relatively to the demands of its time was, it is true, already well established; but in this rapidly moving age of ours a future of only a dozen years ahead holds all sorts of unimagined possibilities for every newspaper, and no one, of course, could have foretold what changes in public requirements outside would have to be responded to by new developments within. Twenty-five years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette* had virtually but one competitor in the evening press. It had almost a monopoly of the instruction and amusement of the Londoner during the hours of the afternoon, and so far as the latter and lighter service was concerned it had no very serious rivalry to contend with even at the end of the week. For the day of "Society Journalism" was not yet, though its pioneer, indeed, was close at hand; and the peculiar appetite which is now fed daily by scores, perhaps by hundreds, of busy pens can hardly be said to have existed at all. The evening newspaper of the early seventies was "brought," not "rushed," out. Its production might by comparison with the prevailing methods of the present day almost be described as leisurely; and assuredly that word would quite accurately qualify the manner in which its contents were consumed. The reader, let us hope, was amused: we tried to amuse as well as to inform and, so far as our lights enabled us, to instruct him; and it would be painful to many of us to have to believe that our efforts were invariably unsuccessful. Honestly, I do not think they always were; but, also honestly, I feel bound to admit that we rarely succeeded in amusing him with as little expenditure of intellectual energy on his own part as is now demanded from him.

Nor is it only in the matter of being amused that he has become more exacting. He insists to-day upon being instructed on easier terms. And deeply indeed has he impressed these preferences on the contemporary evening paper. I take up a copy of this journal some two or three days old, insert a paper-knife in the leaves of a bound volume of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for 1873, and note the various points of the contrast which this recourse to the *Sortes Pallmallianæ* has disclosed. On the front page of each impression there is a leader: that institution still survives. But alas! for the queasy appetite of the latter day reader! A sound opinion on the question of the hour must now be presented to his intellectual digestion in a series of highly peptonized sentences not amounting in all to more than, say, eight hundred words. We were wont to give him, as often as not, a solid two columns "and a turn"—say, from 1,500 to 2,000 words. Of the pages which immediately followed the leader in the old *Pall Mall Gazette*,—the "Parliamentary Summary," the "Epitome of Opinion in the Morning Journals," and so forth, I will say nothing. The need for matter of this kind to plump out the fair proportions of an evening paper is, so to speak, a secret of the toilet, and no more than that other kind of "make-up" which goes on in the dressing-room is it to be revealed to the eye of the profane crowd. I will only remark, in passing, that your padding seems to be more artfully disposed nowadays about various parts of your person than was formerly the case, and therefore does not attract the same amount of notice. The unsuspecting reader is lured on from column to column, one following another with a false air of the homogeneous; and so dexterously are the products of the scissors sandwiched and dovetailed into those of the pen that he knows not exactly where the latter comes to an end and the former begins.

But the *emeritus* of the evening press—the veteran who has ceased to be on its list of effectives—does not experience the full shock of contrast till he gets a page deeper into the paper. Here in my *P.M.G.* of 1873 I come again upon two full pages, this time of Occ. Notes. Twelve of them there are—fine, sturdy, well-grown fellows, only two or three of them under thirty lines in length, and one of them attaining the handsome figure of forty-two. There is no merry police case lightly and facetiously handled; no chaff, as we understand it in these days, of public men; of course no political caricature, and no "Occ. Verse." Sarcasm is directed against mischievous Ministers—fun is even poked at them, but it was a more decorous fun than that of the present day; your quaint Americanisms and knowing slang of the racecourse did not, or did but rarely adorn it, and as I have said, one Note took longer to read and required a sensibly greater concentration of the mental faculties to master it in its true inwardness than does the light and airy comment of the smart paragraphist that now is. And as with the Notes so—and not much less strikingly so—with the "middle" articles and reviews. The former were not only longer but more discursive, more essayish, less "actual" by far than they are now. It is true they had to have some sort of a "peg" in current events or news—even in those days that was a point of journalistic etiquette; but they hung upon it mighty loosely, and, indeed, it must be owned that many of them were stiff enough to "stand alone," like the old brocades of our grandmothers. As to the literary department of the paper, its criticisms occasionally, but not very frequently, took the form of the "short notice." There was in those days no weekly waggon-load of new volumes shot into the office, nor any crowd of publishers battling round its doors and clamouring for a *quid pro quo* for their advertisements in the shape of ten-line paragraphs rather than nothing. The books reviewed were usually considered to be "worth a column," or at any rate got it; and if even in those days the reviewer sometimes contented himself with the proverbial sniff at the paper-knife he described his olfactory sensations in greater detail. Everything, in fact, from one end of the paper to the other was given "in greater detail;" that in fact would, perhaps, be the most compendious (and least invidious) way of defining the differences between the evening newspaper of the seventies and that of the nineties. It is a difference which applies to the treatment of thoughts as well as of "actualities." If a suggestive idea strikes a leader-writer of the present day he flings it out, hit or miss, and changes the subject, knowing well that the average reader would never have the patience to allow him to develop it. In this respect there has been a loss which, without being a too prejudiced "praiser of the past," I think I may fairly describe as indisputable. We have simply lost a once valuable medium of publication for such pregnant and incisive disquisitions on political principles and tendencies as the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the old days owed to the two ablest of its then contributors, Sir James Stephen and Sir Henry Maine. If these two distinguished men were still living and doing the same masterly work, no evening paper would have any use for it. They would have to expand it over ten pages of a "high-class monthly review."

Great, however, as have been the changes in the evening newspaper as a product of journalism, they find their full counterpart in the transformation which has come over the mode of its production. It has, indeed, ceased to be an evening newspaper at all in anything but the name, and has become a midday newspaper, with afternoon and evening editions. This alteration in its character has, of course, affected every one concerned in preparing and publishing it. For all of them the working day begins earlier—painfully earlier—than it did five-and-twenty years ago. The printing companionship rise almost at cockcrow. The Editor and his assistants spring from their couches at the summons of the milkman. A hastily-swallowed breakfast ill fortifies them for the labours of the day, and conduces little to that genial and hopeful frame of mind in which it is more than ever necessary in these days for the journalist to apply himself to the consideration of public affairs. It is a "heavy change," indeed, from the days when work began for Editor and editorial staff at the more Christian hour of ten, and it was enough if the paper were out between one and two in the afternoon. I am told that the modern rush is the inevitable result of a brisk competition in the supply of early sporting intelligence. It seems a thousand pities that the evening newspapers cannot agree among themselves to issue an early flysheet of "finals," so that, having furnished noble sportsmen with their desiderated prophecies, the Editor and his coadjutors might be able to devote themselves at more leisure to the hardly less difficult work of political prediction.

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FASHIONS IN THE WORLD OF FICTION.

FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

"WHO is that pretty woman in the black dress, with the white fluff about it, and the pearl necklace?"

Thus Mr. Thomas Hardy in his latest novel, "The Well-Beloved," and it is small wonder if this strange description of an evening gown should cause his women readers to pause in amazement, in their perusal of his account of the very smart party at the Countess of Channelcliffe's, and try to picture this costume for themselves. It is difficult to imagine how any female, so strangely attired, could have dared to present herself in this august assembly, and to rub shoulders with duchesses and Prime Ministers. What was the mysterious "fluff," and how acquired? Could it have been the wandering remains of a discarded powder-puff, which Lord Channelcliffe mistook for intentional trimming, or did the "accomplished and well-connected" Mrs. Pine Avon actually appear in a black gown, with a bordering of that innocent swan's-down which is always associated with babies' pelisses, and seldom, if ever, worn by those of riper years?

Novelists of the sterner sex, we are told, frequently spend a great portion of their valuable time in reading up special subjects, before venturing to commence a fresh book. They have even been known to take perilous and expensive journeys to foreign lands, in search of that precious commodity described professionally as "local colour," and yet of such a comparatively simple matter as a woman's dress, they are, as a rule, hopelessly and helplessly ignorant. It is more than strange that Mr. Hardy should garb his heroine in "black with white fluff," and should yet display such a marvellous technical knowledge of the washing and getting-up of linen. The sculptor hero of "The Well-Beloved" actually insists that no lime shall be used to whiten his shirts, and that no mangle shall massacre his buttons, while he strongly objects to the mixing of so much borax with the starch!

But when Mr. Hardy lets himself go, the result is even more extraordinary, as, for instance, when he gives us a poetical description of the hat of another heroine, in this same book. Avice the Third is described, poor dear, as wearing "a large-disked sun-hat, with a brim like a wheel whose spokes were radiating folds of muslin, lining the brim, a black margin, beyond the muslin, being the felloe." It is only after diligently searching the dictionary that we have discovered the signification of the word "felloe," and without explaining the novelist's remarkable simile, we may venture to say that not one woman in a thousand will have the faintest idea as to Mr. Hardy's meaning, unless, perhaps, she happens to be the wife of a wheelwright.

Another eminent novelist of to-day, Mr. W. E. Norris, is wiser in his generation than Mr. Thomas Hardy, for the author of "Major and Minor" makes a practice of skimming very lightly over the thin ice of feminine fashions, and with the gayest insouciance he clothes "Clarissa Furiosa" in the "pale shade of pink which becomes her best," and although the story of his latest novel is laid among smartly-dressed women, Mr. Norris ventures on nothing in the way of detail, and on another important occasion describes his heroine as being "becomingly but quietly dressed." Safe, perhaps, but not convincing.

Yet, after all, this severe simplicity is less bewildering to the average woman than the amazing flow of language lavished by Mr. George Meredith in "The Egoist" on the garments of the "pretty rogue in porcelain," Clara Middleton, whom he describes as ". . . . really insufferably fair, perfect in height and grace of movement; exquisitely tressed. . . . A description of her figure would have won her any praises; and she wore a dress cunning to embrace the shape, and flutter loose about it, in the spirit of a Summer's day. Calypso-clad, Dr. Middleton would have called her. See the silver birch in a breeze: here it swells, there it scatters, and it is puffed to a round, and it streams like a pennon; and now gives the glimpse and shine of the white stem's line within, now hurries over it, denying that it was visible, with a chatter along the sweeping folds, while still the white peeps through. She had the wonderful art of dressing to suit the season and the sky. To-day, the art was ravishingly companionable, with her sweet lighted face: too sweet, too vividly meaningful for pretty, if not of the strict severity for beautiful. Millinery would tell us that she wore a fichu of thin white muslin, crossed in front, on a dress of the same light stuff, trimmed with deep rose. She carried a grey silk parasol, traced at the borders with green creepers, and across the arm devoted to Crossjay, a length of trailing ivy, and in that hand a bunch of the first long grasses. These hues of red rose and green, and pale green, ruffled and pouted in the billowy white of the dress, ballooning and valleying softly, like a yacht before the sail bends low."

From the purely Philistine female point of view, the Meredithian mode of describing dress is simply bewildering. Only here and there, in this maze of words, there comes a gleam of intelligent meaning. And why, dear Mr. Meredith, that unkind little scoff at what "Millinery" would tell us? Surely there is more sense in what "Millinery" would say than in comparing a summer frock to "swelling silver birches," which "chatter along the sweeping folds." Quite commonplace by comparison is the description of the grey silk parasol with its border of green creepers.

Glancing back over the thirty-two years during which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has lived and flourished we find that things were pretty much the same, in the fiction of the sixties, and that the man novelist of that day either ignored the garments of his heroines altogether or else described them in such poetic language that his words conveyed no meaning to the average reader.

Mr. Wilkie Collins was, however, an exception to the rule, and in his accurate, if somewhat jerky, descriptions of dress he gives us a faithful picture of the truly terrible costume of the period. In "Man and Wife," for instance, he thus introduces one of his female characters, Blanche Lundie. "She was young, she was pretty, she was plump, she was fair. . . . She was dressed in the height of fashion. A hat like a cheese-plate was tilted over her forehead. A balloon of light brown hair soared, fully inflated, from the crown of her head. A cataract of beads poured over her bosom. A pair of cockchafers in enamel (frightfully like the living originals) hung at her ears. Her scanty skirts shone splendid with the blue of heaven. Her ankles twinkled in striped stockings. Her shoes were of the sort called 'Watteau,' and her heels were of the height at which men shudder."

There seems to have been a touching modesty about the author of "Guy Livingstone," if we may judge from the apologetic passage, with which he prefaces a very quaint description of the attire worn by one of his heroines, the bad but beautiful Flora Bellasys. "I should like," he says, "to describe her dress; but I know how dangerous it is for the uninitiate to venture within the verge of those awful mysteries. . . . Conscious of my sex, I retire. Have we not read of Actæon? Still I may say that I have an impression of her being surrounded by a sort of cloud of pale blue tulle, over which bouquets of geranium were scattered here and there; and I remember perfectly a certain serpent of scarlet velvet and diamonds, flashing amidst the rolls and braids of her dark shining tresses."

With this vision of the heroine of thirty years ago, with a scarlet velvet serpent in her shining hair, perhaps it will be as well to bring these quotations to a close. When women writers venture to describe masculine sports and pastimes, they are often accused of making ridiculous mistakes, even to the extent of allowing the same horse to win the Derby two years running; but surely the men-novelists cannot afford to throw stones while they show such lamentable ignorance on the subject of feminine attire.

A very unflattering truth may possibly lie at the root of the whole matter. Men are perhaps unable to describe women's costumes in detail, simply because they do not notice them, because upon their duller sensibilities our daintiest ideas are thrown away. Can it be that for years and years we have donned our most attractive toilettes and displayed them before eyes which recognized none of their charm? However this may be, no one would wish our great novelists to fill their pages with the gushing and hysterical raptures over confections and creations so often indulged in by the so-called "fashion writers" of the present day. At the same time, if only for the benefit of future generations, it would be as well if men-authors would occasionally bring their superior minds to bear upon matters of dress, and endeavour to describe intelligibly, at all events, the garments in which their heroines are clad.

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CONCERNING SOME EARLY REVIEWS.

(By an Irresponsible Reader.)

It was in accordance with the best traditions of editorial vindictiveness that I was advised, for the cultivation of a spirit of more proper humility, to turn over the files of the earliest numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. For the nonce—let me confess it while still on the stool of repentance—I blushed for my own irresponsibility when confronted with the scholarly dignity and easy grace of the giants that were in those days.

In the first number there is, properly speaking, no literary review. But in the "Occasional Notes," which at first encroached every now and then on literary matters, we find a neat dig at Napoleon's "The History of Julius Cæsar." That history crops up every now and then with neat reminders that to Cæsar succeeded Augustulus; to Charlemagne Charles the Fat; and to Napoleon I. Napoleon III. It was evidently a byword of the time, that history. When, however, the English translation appeared, the volume, after due allowance for the limitations of an emperor as reputed author—a phenomenon without precedent since the day when Claudius Imperator wrote his history of Etruria—had been made, was discussed with grave precision in two articles, each of several columns in length. Though unable to see the teaching of Roman history eye for eye with Napoleon III., the writer, it is clear, preserved an open mind. "What effect," he says, "three more volumes of Imperial rhetoric may have on our incredulity remains to be seen." No incredulity, surely, could be wider open to conviction. In the same column of No. 2 the *Pall Mall Gazette* first starts on its career of usefulness by attempting to keep its eminent contemporary the *Times* in the narrow path of literary virtue. Time was, complained this censor, when the *Times* reviews, though few and far between, were worth reading. Why do they now consist so largely of extracts with so little original matter? Why so much mild praise of indifferent books? Then follows a review of "Travels in Umbra," which, it seems, had called forth the unqualified approval of the *Times*. The book is an account of travels in Iceland. Several of the travellers died, "unhappily not until after a dreary interval of life." After their demise they, or some one for them, launch forth into "jog-trot poetry." It is pleasant to reflect at this interval of time on the salutary effect this chastening has had on the methods of our esteemed contemporary. The first book reviewed at length was "My Life and Recollections," by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. The autobiography was, one remembers, mainly anecdotal, and had elicited a "chorus of praise" from its reviewers. Our writer wishes to know why. He lashes the Fraser incident, on which Mr. Berkeley dwelt with supreme relish, severely. The affair, which occurred a very few years before her Majesty's accession, is an instructive episode in the history of the ethics of reviewing some sixty years ago. Mr. Berkeley at that time had written a novel entitled "Berkeley Castle," in which he had washed a good deal of dirty family linen in public. Dr. Maginn fell upon this book tooth and nail in *Fraser's Magazine*, and carried his animadversions to the length of making aspersions on the character of the unfortunate lady to whom this effusion was dedicated, and to making opprobrious insinuations against its author's parentage. Enraged, and not unnaturally, at these strictures, Mr. Berkeley sought out Mr. Fraser. The author was a man some six feet in stature, and trained in the accomplishments of the bruiser. He was, moreover, accompanied by a brother of similar proportions. Mr. Fraser was built in the mould of most book-sellers. Hence we must agree with our reviewer in seeing nothing very heroic in knocking this gentleman down, and horsewhipping him. But his independence and courage to point this moral in the teeth of a "chorus of praise" is, methinks, worthy of the traditions of the *P.M.G.* The next review, too, is interesting as showing the welcome extended to us by the—let me say—less educated portion of the press. Criticising Mr. Forsyth's "Life of Cicero," the writer gave a very scholarly and pleasant sketch of the life and times of that orator. This modest display of learning stirred the bile of "Flaneur," a person who scintillated on the staff of the *Morning Star*. His grievance against us was that the *Gazette* was written by gentlemen, which he apparently considered "an invasion of the vested rights of the class of which he is a member." "Of course," gibes "Flaneur," in fine irony, "the sub-editor is a scholar and a gentleman, a man of blood and culture, and so no doubt in such an undertaking is the printer. You may recollect," he continues, "that I prophesied we should speedily hear of 'that glorious old cock Cicero' in the new venture. There is an article on him already, I understand, unmistakably bearing the impress of Ossian McToddy, designed of Bloomsbury. No, sir! blood and culture and twopenny gentility is all very well, but they will have to come down to the honest British liner." Though his allusions call for a scholiast, it is satisfactory to be able to reflect that we have never had to come down to the honest British liner of the "Flaneur" type. Among the notable books reviewed during the first few weeks I came across "Essays on Religion and Literature," edited by H. E. Manning, D.D., which the reviewer considered to be "a Roman Catholic manifesto in behalf of what the Romish Church considers to be orthodoxy;" "Essays in Criticism," by Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, concerning a passage in the introduction to which (I give the quotation for the wonderful aptness of the simile) the reviewer writes: "There is wit in the passage; but it refuses to flash, like a damp lucifer or a deranged moderator;" a new edition of "Essays on the History of the English Constitution and Government," by Earl Russell, of which the reviewer complains: "There is a rigidity and jealousy about all he says of his opponents and a prim and purring self-complacency in all he says about himself;" "Dante's Comedy," translated into blank verse by William Michael Rossetti; and "Miss Mackenzie," by Anthony Trollope, in which the novelist succeeds in interesting the reviewer in a comedy enacted in the greyness of middle age and middle bourgeoisie, for "his hero is a tough old cock of a widower, and his heroine a dowdy old hen." At times the reviews seem almost inspired with the divine afflatus of prophecy. "The publication of the *Yellow Book* for 1865," writes one reviewer, "has caused a certain amount of excitement." Mindful of what the Bodley Head was capable, this sentence caused a certain amount of excitement in me; but it was, after all, only a *Livre Jaune*, respectable as a Blue-book. "When Bill Sikes," says another, discussing a treatise on capital punishment, "is numbered among the Dodos, it will be time enough to do without Jack Ketch." Was that capital D accidental or prophetic?

I shall not answer the question; for there were giants in those days.

"Fates' Fetters." By Jean de la Brête. Translated by Mrs. T. Hope-Dixon. (Digby, Long and Co.) The translator of "Fate's Fetters" has preserved in an unusual degree the French colouring of the *dramatis personæ*, their attritudes and surroundings. The versatilities, sentimentalisms, and singular views of things, which would be unnatural in an English country girl, quite belong to Susan, who really should be called Susanna. The deformed lover is a beautiful character, and concentrates on himself the real interest of the story, his relations with his mother being true to the traditions of his race. Fanchette is intended to be comic, though the effort is not altogether successful. The book will be popular.

"Saint Eva," by Amelia Pain (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.). In "St. Eva" Miss (? or Mrs.) Pain has given us a novel far above the ordinary. The character-drawing, without exception, is of a very high quality, and the dialogue, especially between the women, is excellent. Eva Corona, dubbed "Saint" by her friends on account of her spiritual beauty and utter unworldliness, is an attractive and pathetic figure, doomed to suffering, as the reader instinctively feels, after her brief ecstatic dream of happiness. Although the book ends sadly, it must not be supposed that it is depressingly melancholy; on the contrary, it is full of quiet humour. The writer is to be congratulated upon having accomplished the successful delineation of the character of a man not of a stereotyped kind. Clayton Seaford is a well-drawn and convincing character, and, selfish and fickle, if not absolutely heartless, as he is, his power of fascination is easily understood. A frontispiece study of "St. Eva," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, lends an additional value to a book of much distinction and charm.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—The surest and safest way to realize this wish on the part of those whose nervous system or digestion has given way is to take MARIANI WINE, which affords the victim of nervous exhaustion an agreeable and reliable means of reconstituting his functions and restoring his impaired vitality.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE.

(By One of the Old School.)

"... This life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing *is* but all things *seem!*"

Had the endowment of prophecy in addition to the large gift of poetical inspiration fallen upon our Shelley when he gave forth these lines? We might almost deem so, for among the grievous fleshly misdoings which overclouded to contemporaries the effulgence of his genius, the baseness of hypocrisy did at least not rank, and the outpourings of his spirit have flowed onward to posterity untainted by suspicion of false assumption or simulation. But whether effluxed by prescience, or deduced from hard experience, there the words stand in gently sad note of warning against the irrepressible all-pervading evil sprite of our day, the Demon of Sham, whom one would once have judged too diametrically foreign to the honest sturdiness of the Saxon temperament to seek his happy hunting-grounds among that race, yet who, whether of native or (as we would fain believe) of imported origin, has now succeeded not only in establishing himself firmly on our social soil, but is steadily expanding year by year his bounds therein.

Does e'er a sceptic perchance impeach this statement? Nay, then let this protester account otherwise than by the influence of Sham for the glamour which unhappily enables young scions of higher extraction than principles, while avowedly without legitimate means of supporting their pretensions, to ruffle it unchecked for a good space with the bravest, in gala show of mansions, steeds, banquets, shooting quarters, rich apparel, and all outward appliances of the lust of the eye and the pride of life, till the black day arrives when they find themselves face to face with the inevitable exposure.

Again, in comparatively minor points, is it not become an admitted fact that the "Parisian diamond" and other companies are just now running "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean" hard in the matter of bearing "gems of purest ray serene," and for glitter, polish—indeed, everything save intrinsic worth—may safely be backed to score heavily? Of this truth let the sweepings of our Royal Palace bear witness after any Court function, when the innumerable waifs and strays that come to hand in the shape of false jewellery items unwittingly scattered in haste, and for obvious reasons not reclaimed at leisure, tell their own tale.

As to those lovely flowers erewhile "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air," that unremunerative stock has quite gone out of cultivation, and is, in the opinion of many, advantageously replaced by the newly-imported and freely-adopted Red Rambler, a remarkably (and much remarked) hardy climber, who thrives on all rich soils, and has substituted for the sweet perfume of modesty the gay flag of adventure with such triumphant success as to constitute her the living personification of a great French financier's celebrated motto: "Whither shall I not ascend?" Her daily life is indeed a corrected and up-to-date version of the trite saw "None but the Brave deserve the Fare," for in all details of (sumptuous) fare the omnivorous and popular Red Rambler is unhesitatingly brave.

The suggestion, too, of wasting sweetness, however acquired, or the smallest fraction of the good things of this earth, upon a desert region whatsoever, would be playfully ignored by her, even were the said desert itself not likely to become, in a manner of speaking, exploded as such, and shortly transformed into a place of such universal resort for idle tourists, as to lend some colour to the shadowy rumour of a proximate newspaper kiosk and five o'clock tea establishments there on lines closely analogous to those of their recent forerunners in Kensington Gardens.

Reverting from this distant scene to our own thoroughfares, the most desultory stroll through them may serve to impress upon our senses the accumulated and accumulating evidence of Sham, in the heterogeneous structures that surround us on all sides. Towards the sham-rustic dwelling we may evince some toleration on the score of classical reminiscence; but after conceding this much to the *rus in urbe*, what justification shall be alleged for crowding it out with sham Gothic, this again with sham Queen Anne, and that in turn with sham Norman or Tudor erections? In one square, moreover, in the heart of dear cockney Mayfair, a recent sham François Deux creation is rubbing shoulders incongruously with some respectable brick family abodes, and doing its best (or worst) to divert attention from two really fine specimens, lower down, of the solid old stone-building school, in one of which, by the way, took place the last tragic episode in the life of the great Lord Clive.

So much for outward architectural Sham; and of the inner disposition of many of its abodes, exhibiting here the modern crank of professing to make snug living rooms of halls open at one end to the general (perhaps the only) staircase and at the other to the house-door of promiscuous entrance, and there the strange craze of excluding by fixed blinds, curtains, and possibly diamond-leaded panes, such fragments of London light and air as may be struggling for admittance—of these and a thousand more irrational quirks, what shall be said? *Non ragionam di lor*—but suffer a passing word to be dropped on sundry styles of decoration; for it is, indeed, scarcely possible to note the fictitious carvings, the simulated Japanese products, the obtrusively waving fans, and, above all, the cheap tawdriness of gaudy material crumpled into would-be artistic draperies at every turn and corner—it is not possible, we repeat, to observe this conglomeration of pretentiousness without embodying expression of sympathy for the well-known Regent-street firm whose productions are thus grotesquely parodied, by recalling the world-famous pathetic exclamation, "O Liberty, what atrocities are perpetrated in thy name!"

One of our cleverest writers (though not perhaps deepest thinkers) has lately averred that "Tact is the master of all life's ceremonies;" from this view we must take leave to dissent. Tact is the effacer, or at least the suspender, of uncalled-for ceremonies, and, as such, the promoter of sympathetic intimacies, even as kindly feeling is the originator of sterling friendship. The creator, and as a natural consequence on most occasions the master, of superfluous ceremonies is Sham, nor unfortunately do these by any means restrict its limits. The arid and unquenchable thirst of gain aroused by its exigencies brings home, to go no further, a sad and even terrible record to the as yet called weaker sex. On the worn shoulders of many of the poor Marthas of domesticity fall some of the heavy burdens it imposes, while their more conspicuous sisterhood—whom we advisedly refrain from calling Magdalens—choose not, alas! the better, but—woe is theirs!—the *better's*, part with its disastrous risks. On the greensward (and is it not Campbell who has said with unconscious appropriateness, "The turf shall be their winding-sheet"?), at the green table, amid the bears and bulls on 'Change, or the crowd of ravening jackals prowling around the eventful peripetias of Red and Black—they, too, literally, "stoop to conquer" where victory is bound sooner or later to cost dearer than defeat, if they could only be brought to see this in good time. But how shall vision be restored unto eyes blinded with fatal willingness by the dust (golden dust, alack!) flung into them? Do the winter's graceful and prolonged successes on the skating floor inspire a preference for gliding elsewhere on slippery ground, and has it never occurred to any of the pretty feather-crowned and feather-brained heads which congregate there, that without those protecting walls one does not rise again so lightly after falls as within them, and that the best devised attempts to poise permanently upon the outside edge fail everywhere to constitute an absolutely secure attitude? This is not an altogether lovely sketch of things that be. Will any one venture to proclaim it over-drawn, or even to suggest that its darker shades might not have been worked in more harshly still?

It is best to speak in the language of reality as opposed to one of Sham's most deadly weapons, artificial Realism—a pernicious whim of the day which admits the coarsest ideas, clothed in speciously misleading garb, into our general literature, and is gradually enlarging without improving the tenor of conversation in society; while it threatens all decency, propriety, and social harmony. Shall we not, then—some of us—stand to our guns in defence of these well-laid outworks, whose confines guard so much that is precious for individual well-being as for national welfare? Shall we not bear in mind that of all hypocrisies the hypocrisy of *no* hypocrisy is the most intolerable and despicable, and (eliminating one letter only from the Shakspearean text) may we not take as our watchword, "Sham's bitterness corrupts the world's sweet taste"?

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(Continued from Page 4.)

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(Publishers' Announcements continued on Page 6.)

Publishers' Announcements.

(Continued from Page 5.)

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Publishers' Announcements continued on Page 8.

THE WARES OF AUTOLYCUS.

"FAIR AND FLAGRANT THINGS."

THE phrase, which is Crashaw's, might serve for a brilliant and fantastic praise and protest, in description of his own wilful wild verses. In the last century and for some time of the present, the critics had a wintry word to blame him with; they said of George Herbert, of Lovelace, of Crashaw, and of other light hearts of the great seventeenth century—not so much that their inspiration was in bad taste, as that no reader of taste could suffer them. They alluded to this as a truth secure from question, and they knew the influential effect of such light allusion on the timorous or the unsteady reader. But a better opinion on the men of the seventeenth century is that they had a taste extraordinarily liberal, generous, and elastic, but not essentially lax: taste that gave now and then too much room to play, but anon closed with the purest and exactest laws of temperance and measure.

The extravagance of Crashaw is a far more lawful thing than the extravagance of Addison, whom some believe to have committed none; moreover, Pope and all the politer poets nursed something they were pleased to call a "rage," and this capered beyond all bounds. Of sheer voluntary extremes it is not in the seventeenth-century conceit that we should seek examples, but in an eighteenth-century "rage." A "noble rage," properly provoked, could be backed to write more trash than fancy ever tempted the half-incredulous sweet poet of the older time to run upon. When he,—fancy's child—outruns good sense, he has ever a backward look to cast from his bright eyes, and he is absurd without indiguity. But a rage, trained by its happy eighteenth-century owner, a rage full of its own success, is the work of the child of common sense with straws in her hair and not a whit less common for vainly wearing them so. Foolishness in poetry and extravagance in professions took the form of a complacent yet dreary art, a very system, in the age, so-called, of reason and of moderate mind. That time was never content with a moderate mind; it invented "rage;" it matched rage with a flagrant diction mingled of Latin words and simple English words made vacant and ridiculous, and these were the worst; it was resolved to be behind no century in passion—nay, to show the way, to fire the nations. In a word, the exquisite, the perfect Pope of "The Rape of the Lock," the witty Pope of the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," wrote also the "St. Cecilia" and the "Epistle of Eloisa." And the gentle Steele, ill satisfied with the faculty that outdid Addison (or so it is, one may hope, permitted to think), in humour, candour, and mischief alike, must write the tragic passages of "The Conscious Lovers," in which the heroine tells us that she will withdraw to "expostulate in madness, and shrieking demand of Fate why, why" she was born to her misfortunes.

Addison must seek to outrage the commonplace which was his very kingdom, which was the very senate to whom he "gave laws," which was the very heart whence came "his own applause" (it is a cruel pleasure to make Pope's couplets break time, for once, by quoting his rhymes out of measure); Addison must teach himself as his hero taught the battle "where to rage;" Addison must attempt the cold delirium of his tragedy. And in the later years of the same literary age, Johnson must summon the lapsed and absent fury, with no kind of misgiving as to the resulting verse. Take such a phrase as "the madded land;" there, indeed, is a word coined by the noble rage as the last century evoked it. It is Johnson's, it is his who was among the masters of composure; and in him, at least, that composure could be noble when it was dull in others. "The madded land" is a phrase intended to prove that the law-giver of taste himself could lodge the fury in his breast when opportunity occurred. "And dubious title shakes the madded land." It would be hard to find anything, even in Addison, more flagrant. For whatever virtue that age is to be prized, that virtue is not temperance. It was the extravagant age—even the only extravagant age.

Its flagrant things were never "fair." But fair indeed were Crashaw's, and fairer far the things that were not flagrant, but just, buoyant, balanced, zephyr-gentle, spring-fresh, impulsive, frolic, and free in his radiant poetry. All the world knows his "Wishes to his supposed Mistress," the often-quoted close of "The Flaming Heart," and perhaps "Music's Duel," though this last has been held too long for anthologies, which have all lodged the light of the other two; but great numbers of readers who know the Elizabethans fairly well have denied themselves the happiness of taking Crashaw's own book into their hands. Or, having taken it, they are perhaps discouraged by the long conceits of "The Weeper."

Yet even here, if tediousness could be gay, you would venture to say that the tediousness of "The Weeper" is so. If a hymn to St. Mary Magdalen can be gay, this hymn is so. It is easy to complain of the ingenuities of these extraordinary stanzas, and easy to take one of them at least as the sign of the utmost that the seventeenth century could do that was "flagrant." Handbooks of literature may use it as a warning. But if these criticisms are easy, there is another thing that is easy, and that is to read the poem.

Its follies are all sweet-humoured; they allure and smile. Its beauties are a quick and abundant shower. The delicate phrases are so mingled with the flagrant that it is difficult to quote them without rousing that general sense of humour of which any one may make a boast. One is therefore shy even of citing the "brisk cherub" who has early sipped the Saint's tear: "Then to his music," in Crashaw's divinely simple phrase; and his singing "tastes of this breakfast all day long." Fair and flagrant things! Sorrow is a queen, he cries to the Weeper, and when sorrow would be seen in state, "then is she drest by none but thee." Then you come upon the fancy, "Fountain and garden in one face." Does not this outdo Campion with his "Cherry Ripe"? All places, times, and objects are "Thy tears' sweet opportunity."

If these charming passages are to be found in his worst poem, the best poems overflow. Take "Quem Vidistis, Pastores"? Hardly a stanza of this shepherd's hymn of the Nativity that has not a line or two to get by heart:

> The Babe looked up, and showed his face;
> In spite of darkness, it was day.
> It was thy day, Sweet, and did rise
> Not from the east, but from thine eyes.
>
> "Poor world," sighs the poet, "what wilt thou do
> To entertain this starry stranger?

In the Epiphany Hymn Crashaw has the same fresh and familiar fancy again. The heavens have found means

> To disinherit the sun's rise,
> Delicately to displace
> The day, and plant it fairer in thy face.

In the lines wherewith he sends "to a gentlewoman" the gift of "Mr. G. Herbert's book," he bids her "Think you've an angel by the wings." His poem, "To the Morning: Satisfaction for Sleep," is, all through, luminous. It would be difficult to find, even in the orient poetry of that time, more daylight or more spirit. Or take the quatrain, "On the Prodigal:"

> Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
> Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
> What, all thy wealth in council? all thy state?
> Are husks so dear? Troth, 'tis a mighty rate.

"On a Prayer-book sent to Mrs. M. R." is of all the book the richest poem. True, an Elizabethan would not have had it so rich, but yet an Elizabethan would have had it no fresher. Crashaw writes to this lady: "Dear Soul, be strong. . . . And close with His immortal kisses!" The "Hymn to St. Teresa" has the brevities which this poet—reproached with his *longueurs*—masters so well. He tells how the Spanish girl, six years old, set out in search of death: "She's for the Moors and Martyrdom. Sweet, not so fast!" "Love's Horoscope" is finer than Carew's "Ask me no more," or would be but for Carew's two surpassing lines on the nightingale. Of many contemporary songs in pursuit of a fugitive Cupid, Crashaw's "Cupid's Cryer: out of the Greek," is the most dainty.

But if any ear, a little vexed with the poet's light heart and perpetual pleasure, should begin to listen for another note, here, for its satisfaction, is a passage sounding of the great age that had lately closed when Crashaw wrote. It is in his summons to nature and art:

> Come, and come strong,
> To the conspiracy of our spacious song!

CITY NOTES.

TEN THOUSAND NUMBERS AGO.

In the twopenny *Pall Mall* of February 7, 1865, it was written:—"This edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is published too early in the afternoon for any useful report from the Money Market." The time of the edition was three o'clock. In the penny *Pall Mall* of to-day the noon edition contains a full report of the Money Market which, we trust, is found useful. Even within a month of the first number we had to announce that "deferring to the wishes of some subscribers who wish to have the evening news and the Money Market reported at greater length the paper will be enlarged by four pages." Not that the first number was deficient in City interest. There was, it will be seen, a deficit in the Roman budget of five million dollars, but the Pope hoped to avoid a new loan by having recourse to the revenues arising from St. Peter's Pence and the Jubilee. No renewed disturbance of European peace was to be apprehended to upset the Money Market, and the revenue of the country was realizing its estimated amount. Judging by Mr. Reuter's Telegrams as to the American war, quotations at New York must have been somewhat disturbed; and the very peace negotiations were described as merely stock-jobbing devices. The *Magdalena* had arrived with £47,500 specie in gold; the South Western Railway had declared a half-yearly dividend of 6 per cent., the Electric and International Telegraph Company a dividend of 4 per cent. with £14,831 carried forward, and the flotation of the London Dressmaking Company (Limited) was reported at the first meeting to have been successful, 800 out of 1,000 shares having been subscribed. At the meeting of the Telegraph to India Company (Limited) the chairman was able to inspire hope in the hearts of the shareholders; and the *Times* appears to have had a good City article. While the New Three per Cents. were at 88½-¾, against 112 for the Two and Three-Quarter per Cents. to-day, and Bank stock was at 246-8, against 330 to-day. The current quotation for a wife and three children was, according to page two, 150, with business done at 200.

QUEEN'S DAY COMPANIES.

There is yet another Richmond in the Diamond Jubilee money-making field, and this time it is an outside broker. Mr. A. M. Noble announces that he is deviating from his ordinary business to invite subscriptions for the purpose of what seems to him a good chance of making a large profit. He invites you to join him by sending subscriptions of ten pounds and upwards that he may secure sites, provide seating accommodation and sell the seats at the highest prices obtainable. We congratulate Mr. Noble on deviating from the outside broker's business for a time, but doubt the expediency of the investor indulging in this latest of blind pools, especially at this late hour, when there is just as likely to be a slump in seats as an advance. It is well within the bounds of possibility, Mr. Noble says, that a profit of 500 or 600 per cent. will be made in three or four months. Fortunately, in his application form for shares in these profits, the subscriber stipulates that his liability is strictly limited to the amount he sends.

BANGING BANAGHER.

The promoters of the West of Ireland Distillery Company, Banagher, about which we had something not very complimentary to say when the prospectus first made its appearance, have apparently not yet abandoned all hope of getting some of the £100,000 for the disused property, and one of the financial rags is being sent broadcast all over the country, recommending the purchase of these shares and enclosing application forms. With an unblushing effrontery that knows no equal the public are asked to believe that no better or safer investment was ever offered for subscription, and in proof of the genuineness of the undertaking we are gravely informed that before permitting the insertion of the application forms for shares in this much brewed brewery scheme every inquiry was made as to the soundness of the undertaking. Good as this is, better follows. For fear any one should call into question the disinterestedness in recommending these shares, we are told that a mass of correspondence has been received from readers expressing disappointment at the absence of an allotment. The disappointed are, however, to take heart, for the Debenture and Finance Company (Limited), of 80, Coleman-street, for reasons with which we need not concern ourselves, are making an issue of both shares and debentures at par. We do not remember ever to have seen anything better than this, not even in the columns of the mining gutter-rags when the boom was on. Happily to-day the public view with suspicion all journals for investors which are sent gratuitously through the post.

A PARISIAN OLYMPIA.

It is said that we take our pleasures sadly, but at all events we pay for them; Paris proposes to take pleasure in a new hippodrome, and expects London to subscribe the capital, or at all events as much as it will. Preference shares are offered—we have seen no notification of the closing of the lists, though they have been open a long time—and these preference shares are really ordinary shares. The old hippodrome, of which the place is to be taken by the proposed one, was shut up and its site sold, and, unfortunately, there are no figures in the prospectus as to the profits it yielded, although much is said about its brilliant success. The new hippodrome is to have a vast arena with magnificent pageants and the like. In fact, it is to be an Olympia, and shareholders have learned to dislike Olympias.

CHARTERED OR GOLDFIELDS.

It is somewhat remarkable that the fall in Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa has brought its proportionate drop since the boom into line with that of its friend in misfortune surnamed Chartered. It was in the wild rush of the autumn of 1895 that the latter were carried up to 9, while Goldfields followed more leisurely until they nearly attained the giddy height of 20. Divide each by 4¼, and the result approximates very closely to current quotations. A freer market does not exist in the House than that which has been established for the now sorely diminished twain, and as speculative media they have no rival either in the Mining or in the American market. Both have recently passed under cloud after cloud; first it was that underwriters of the expected new issue of Consolidateds were selling in advance, then some president or other got into a muddle over his new shares, and wasn't exactly sure what he had sold when the special settlement came round. Accordingly holders of real stock, who are the only ones entitled to sympathy, have to grin, while others bear their shares, as they mourn over their certificates. In which respect Chartered shareholders have a decided pull, because they can always go and get their scrip converted into bonds ornamental even beyond the dreams of American railroad companies or the defunct Barnato Bank. The ground plan of a Chartered warrant to bearer represents a palmy scene in some Mashonaland glade. Across the secretary's signature an elephant politely passes the time of day with two ostriches, while all around assegaies and palm leaves in lavish profusion encircle pictures illustrative of natives and the advance of civilization, not to mention the engraver's art.

The second batch of letters of allotment in Homocea (Limited) has been posted.

The list of applications for the shares and debentures in the Birmingham Vinegar Brewery Company (Limited) closes to-day for both London and the provinces.

TO-MORROW'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

Almada & Tirito (ex.gen.) 6, Queen-street-place, 12	Eastman Photographic Materials (ex. gen., pref. and ord.) ..... Winchester House, 2
British Electric Traction Ordinary £10 shares ... Fnl. call of £2 10s. p. s.	Birmingham Vinegar Brewery list closes for prov.
Cachar and Dooars Tea... 3, Lombard-street, 1	Atkinson Bros. list closes for London and prov. 4
Crisp and Co. ..... 71, Seven Sisters-rd., 2	Universal Weldless Steel Tubes list closes for London and provinces, 4
Cunard Steamship ..... Liverpool, 12	
D. H. Evans and Co. ..... Oxford-street, 12	
Transvaal Gold Fields ... Cannon-street Hotel, 12	

TO READERS ABSENT FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY RESIDENTS

Readers temporarily absent from town, and country residents may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to any ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

HOPEFUL HOLIDAY MARKETS.

Money is in somewhat better demand to-day in Lombard-street, and rates have displayed a harder tendency, fine three months' paper not being taken under 1 ⅛ per cent., but call money and cheap loans remain as cheap as ever, ½ per cent. being charged for the former, and only a fraction more for the latter. Gold continues to be in strong demand in the open market. To-day the sum of £177,400 has been released in respect of interest on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada Debenture Stock. At the Bank the sum of £580,500 on balance has been withdrawn since the last return was made up.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has further risen 2.75 points to 198.25 p.c.

Bank Rate.	Loans	Deposits.	Bank Bills.
Present, 2½ per cent.	Day ...½ ¾	Disct. Ho., call ¾	Short, 1 ⅛. Three mos. 1 ⅛.
Previous (changed April 8), 3 p.c.	Short ...¾	Do. Notice ...1	Four mos. 1 ⅛, ⅛. Six mos. 1⅛, ⅛

The discount rates now ruling at the leading foreign centres are as follows:—

	Bank	Mkt.		Bank	Mkt.		Bank	Mkt.
Paris	2	1⅝	Vienna	4	3⅝	Madrid	5	5	Copenhagen ...	4	3¼
Berlin	3	2½	Amsterdam ...	3½	2¾	Stockholm ...	4½	3½	New York (call)	—	1½ 2
Hamburg ...	3½	2½	Rome	6	3½	Lisbon	6	6	Bombay 10		—
Frankfort ...	3½	2½	St. Petersburg	6	5¼	Brussels	3	2	Calcutta 10		—

The following are the latest rates of exchange on London cabled from the principal foreign centres:—

Paris, short	25.10½	St. Ptrsbg, 3 mo.	94.00	Athens, sight ...	42.65	Bombay trans.	1/3 1-32
Do. cheques..	25.12½	Vienna, sight ...	11.95½	Constnple, 3 mos.	109.10	Calcutta trans.	1/3 1-32
Brussels, cheques	25 16½	Amst'rd'm, sight	12.07½	Rio J'neiro, 90 dys	7⅛d	Hong Kong, 4 mo.	2/0¼
Berlin, 3 days...	20.37	Rome, sight ...	26.50	V Ipraiso, 90 dys	17⅝d	Shanghai trans	2/9¼
Do. sight ...	20.38½	Madrid, sight ...	32.20	B. Ayres, pp. dol.	16.14d	Singapore, 4 mos	2/0⅛
Hamburg, 3 mos.	20.30	Lisbon, sight ...	35½d	New York, 60 dys	4.85½	Penang, 4 mos ..	2/0⅛
Frankfort, short	20.36	Antwerp, short	25.15-19	Do. trans.	4.87½	Yokohama 4 mos.	2/0⅛

The Stock Markets to-day have been firm on the whole, though the attendance has been of the most meagre description, the holiday feeling gaining in strength as Easter draws closer. All departments have been cheerful in tone, on the growing belief that there will be no European war, and that after the holidays are over business is likely to become a good deal more lively than it has been of late—a consummation most devoutly desired by brokers and dealers alike.

Consols are ⅛ up for money, and 1-16 the account. India issues are unchanged, and Bank Stock is likewise without alteration.

Home Railways have been steady, with nearly all movements again in favour of holders, though the changes so far are entirely fractional. The traffic returns have afforded satisfaction to the market, and anticipations of large Easter takes are materially assisting to maintain prices in spite of the absence of much fresh business.

Americans have been strong on better advices from New York, where the bears seem to be of opinion that they have gone quite far enough for the present. Most of the leading securities mark appreciable advances, though prices as a rule are barely maintained at parity.

Foreigners are steady, though absolutely stagnant, and there are no movements of importance to record. In spite of the prolongation of the present most undesirable crisis in the East, the market still refuses to believe in the probability of ultimate war, and values are therefore well maintained, Internationals especially receiving support.

Mines have presented a rather uncertain appearance, but the undertone has been firm, there being a noteworthy absence of the rush to sell which characterized the close of yesterday. Such alterations as have occurred, however, are entirely fractional and devoid of any significance.

In the Miscellaneous section the chief feature is an advance of ¼ in Apollinaris shares.

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.

CONSOLS—(112 ⅛) 10 57—112 ¼ 12.15—112⅛ ¾
Account—(112⅛ ¾) 10.57—112⅛ ⅜ 12.15—112⅛ ⅜
2½% —(105 ½) 10.57—105 ½
LOCAL LOANS—(114 15) 10.57—114¼ ¾
INDIA 3½%—(117⅛ 18) 10.57—117⅛ 18
3%—(110 ½) 10.57—110 ½
INDIA RUPEE—(63 ¼) 10.57—63 ¼
BANK—(330 32) 10.57—329 33

BRITISH CORPORATION STOCKS

10.57—Mt. Bd. Works 3½% 120½ 1, 3% 114½ 15, 2½% 102¾ 3¼
10.57—Birmingham 3½% 120 24, 3% 113 15, Liverpool 135 8, Nottingham 117 19, Reading 122 5, Swansea 131 35, Wolverhampton 120 23

COLONIAL SECURITIES

11.20—Canada 3½% 107 9, 3% 103 5, C. G. Hope 3½% 115 17, Natal 3½% 108 10, N. S. Wales 4% 121 23, 3½% 107 9, 3% 101 2, New Zealand 4% 113 14, 3½% 106½ 7½, 3% 99⅜ 100⅜, Queensland 3½% 106 8, South Australia 4% 112 14, 3½% 112 14, 3% 108½ 9½, Victoria 1885 112 14, 1884 105 12, 3½% 106¼ 7½, West Australia 3% 97 8

BRITISH RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON DEF.—(176¾ 7¼) 10.55—177 ½ 11.16—177¼ ¾ 11.34—177¼ ½
ORD.—(187 89) 10.55—187 89
CALEDON.—(152 4) 10.55—152 4
PREF.—(98¼ ¾) 10.55—98 9
DEF.—(54¾ 5) 10.55—54¾ 5⅛ 11.16—54⅞ 5⅛ 11.34—54¾ 5 11.52—54⅝ ⅞
CHATM. ORD.—(21¾ ½) 10.55—21¼ ½ 11.16—21⅜ ¾
1ST PREF.—(135½ 6½) 10.55—135½ 6½ 11.16—135¾ 6½
2ND PREF.—(84½ 6½) 11.16—84 5
E. LONDON—(114 ½) 10.55—114 ½
GT. EASTN.—(121⅞ 2⅛) 10.55—122 ½ 11.34—122¼ ½
GT. NORTHN. CONSOLID. A—(58 60) 10.55—57 9
CONVERTED DEF.—(61¼ ¾) 10.55—61½ 2 11.16—61½ 2 11.52—61⅝ ⅞
CONVERTED PREF.—(122 5) 10.55—122 3
GT. WESTERN—(171¾ ¾) 10.55—171½ ¾ 11.16—171½ 2¾
HULL & BARNS.—(53¾ 4½) 10.55—54 ½ 11.4—54½ ¾ 11.34—54 ½ 11.52—53½ 4½
LANCS. & YORKS.—(146 7) 10.55—145½ 6½
MET. CONS.—(118½ 19½) 10.55—118½ 19½
SURP. LANDS—(96 100) 10.55—96 100
MET. DIST.—(28¼ ½) 10.55—28¼ ¾ 11.52—28¾ ¼
MIDLAND—(170 1) 10.55—170¾ ¾ 11.116—170½ 1
N. BRIT. DEF.—(41⅝ ⅝) 10.55—41¾ ½ 11.34—41¾ ½ 11.52—41⅝ ¾
PREF.—(87 ½) 10.55—87 ½
N. EASTERN—(175¾ 6½) 10.55—175¾ 6½ 11.34—175¾ 6½
N. STAFFS.—(130 32) 10.55—130 32
N. WESTERN—(201¾ ¼) 10.55—201½ 2 11.16—201½ 2
SHEF. DEF.—(23¾ ¼) 10.55—23½ 4 11.34—23½ 4
ORD.—(49 51) 10.55—50 2
PREF.—(73 5) 10.55—73 5
S. EASTN. DEF.—(115⅛ ⅜) 10.55—115 ½ 11.16—115½ ⅝
ORD.—(156 7) 10.55—156 7
S. WESTN.—(213 16) 10.55—214 18
DEF.—(82 4) 10.55—83 4

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

ATCHISON—(10¼ ⅜) 10.47—10¼ ¾ 11.16—10⅜ ½
PREF.—(19¼ ¾) 10.47—19½ 20 11.16—19½ 20
DO. ADJUSTMENT—(44¾ 5⅛) 11.42—45¼ ¾
CENT. PAC.—(8⅝ ¾) 10.47—8¾ ⅞
CHIC. & MIL.—(74¾ ⅝) 10.47—75 ¾ 11.34—74⅞ 75
DENVER—(10 ¼) 10.47—10 ¼
PREF.—(38¼ 9/16) 10.47—39 ½
ERIE—(12⅜ ⅝) 10.47—12½ 13 11.42—12¾ 13
1ST PREF.—(29½ 30½) 11.42—30 31
ILLINOIS—(94 5) 10.47—94½ 5½
LAKE SHORE—(168 70) 10.47—169 71
LOUIS & NASH.—(46⅝ ⅞) 10.47—47 ½ 11.34—47⅛ ⅜
MEX. CENT.—(69¾ 70¼) 10.47—69¼ 70¼
MISS., KAN., TEX—(11 ⅛) 10.47—11¼ ⅜
N. Y. CEN.—(101 2) 10.47—103 4 11.16—102½ 3½
NOR. & WEST. COMMON—(10 ⅛) 10.47—10 ⅜
NOR. & WEST. ADJ. PREF.—(24¾ 5⅛) 10.47—24½ 5⅝
N. PAC. NEW—(36 ½) 10.47—36½ 7
ONTARIO—(13¾ 5) 10.47—13½ 14
PENN.—(55⅞ 4½) 10.47—53¾ 4¼
READING—(9¼ ½) 10.47—9½ 10
SOUTHERN RAIL.—(7⅞ 8⅛) 10.47—7⅞ 8⅛
PREF.—(26 ½) 10.47—26¼ ¾
UN. PACIFIC—(9¼ ⅛) 10.47—9¼ ½
WABASH PREF.—(12 ⅛) 10.47—12¼ ¼
DEB.—(19 ½) 10.47—19 20

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

CAN. PAC.—(50¾ 1) 10.47—50¾ 1¼ 11.34—50¾ 1¼ 12.6—50¾ 1
G. TRUNK ORD.—(4⅝ 5) 11.4—4¾ 5 12.15—4⅝ 5
1ST PREF.—(31¾ ¾) 11.4—31¾ ¾ 12.15—31¾ ¾
2ND PREF.—(18 ¼) 11.4—18 ½ 12.15—18 ¾
3RD PREF.—(10 ¾) 11.4—10 ¾ 12.15—10 ¾
GUAR.—(41¼ ¾) 11.4—41¼ ¾ 12.15—41¼ ¾

FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

ARGENTINE N.E. 5% DEB. — (53 4) 11.10—52½ 53½
NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY EXTEN. — (51 2) 11.10—51 ½
ARGENTINE GT. WEST. DEB. — (105 7) 11.10—105 7
2ND DEB.—(104 5) 11.10—104 5
B. A. & PAC. 4% DEB. — (106 8) 11.10—106 8
4½% DEB.—(97 99) 11.10—97 99
B. A. & ROS.—(68 70) 11.10—68 70
B. A. WEST.—(11 ½) 11.10—11 ½
B. A. GT. SOUTH.—(135 7) 11.10—135 7
CENT. ARG.—(74 6) 11.10—75 6
CENT. URUGUAY—(69 71) 11.10—69 71
NORTHERN EXTENSION 5% DEB.—(100 2) 11.10—100 2
CORDOBA CENT. NORTHERN SEC.—(94½ 5½) 11.10—94½ 5½
INCOME—(67½ 8½) 11.10—67 8
CORDOBA & ROSARIO 4% 1ST DEB.—(93 5) 11.10—93 5
6% DEB.—(84 6) 11.10—84 6
COSTA RICA RAILWAY—(25⅝ ¾) 10.52— 25⅝ ¾
E. ARGENTINE—(45 7) 11.10—45 7
ENTRE RIOS PREF.—(13⅝ ¾) 11.10—13⅝ ¾
LEOPOLDINA 5% DEB.—(36 8) 11.10—36 8
INTEROCEANIC OF MEXICO DEB. A—(49 51) 11.10—49 51
DEB. B.—(25 7) 11.10—25 7
FOURS—(79 81) 11.10—79 81
PREF.—(13⅜ 5⅝) 11.10—13⅝ 5⅝
MINAS & RIO—(13 14) 11.10—13 14
MEXICAN—(20¾ 1¼) 10.52—20¾ 1¼ 11.56—21 21¼
1ST PREF.—(81 2) 10.52—81 2
2ND PREF.—(36 8) 10.52—36 8
NITRATE RAILWAY—(43⅜ 5⅝) 10.52—43⅜ 5⅝
TALTAL—(2½ ¾) 11.10—2½ ¾

FOREIGN SECURITIES.

ARGENTINE 1886—(84¾ ⅝) 11.6—83¾ 84⅛
6% FUNDING—(83¾ ¾) 11.6—83 ½
1889—(56 8) 11.6—56 8
3½% EXTERNAL LOAN—(43½ 4½) 11.6—43½ 4½
B. AYRES WATER BONDS—(67¼ ¾) 11.6—67 ½
ARG. CEDULAS SERIES A—(31½ 2½) 12.6—31½ 32½
SERIES B—(28¼ ¾) 11.6—28¼ ¾
SERIES E—(28 ½) 11.6—28 ½
SERIES F—(26⅝ 9¼) 11.6—28¾ 9¾
B. A. CED. I.—(6½ 7) 11.6—6½ 7
SERIES J—(5¾ 6) 11.6—5⅞ 6⅛
SERIES K—(5¾ 6) 11.6—5⅞ 6⅛
SERIES P—(6¼ 6) 11.6—5⅞ 6⅛
B. AYRES, 1882, 1883 1886—(40 41) 11.6—39½ 40½
WEST MINAS—(67½ 8½) 11.6—67½ 8½
BRAZILIAN 1889—(64½ 5) 11.6—64½ 5
1883—(67 9) 11.6—67 9
1888—(67 9) 11.6—67 9
1895—(72½ 3½) 11.6—72½ 3½
CHILIAN 1886—(86⅛ 7⅛) 11.6—86 8
1892 (fully paid)—(92 4) 11.6—92½ 3½
1895—(83 4) 11.6—83 4
CHILIAN SCRIP.—(90 1) 11.6—90 1
CHINESE, GOLD—(107½ 8½) 11.6—107½ 8½
SILVER—(113 114) 11.6—113 14
CHARTER—(111 12) 11.6—111 12
CHINESE, NEW—(99¼ ¾) 11.6—99¼ ¾
EGYPT. UNIFD.—(106¾ 7¼) 11.2 — 106¾ 7¼
NEW 3½%—(102½ 3) 11.2—102½ 3
NEW DAIRA—(105 6) 10.34—105 6
STATE DOM.—(105 6) 10.34—105 6
FRENCH 3%—(101½ 2½) 10.34—101½ 2¼
3½%—(109½ 6½) 10.34—105½ 6½
GERMAN 5%—(96¾ ¾) 10.34—96¼ ¾
GREEK FIVES 1881—(22½ 3½) 11.6 — 22½ 3½
1884—(22½ 3½) 11.6—22½ 3½
1889—(19½ 20½) 11.6—19½ 20½
4% MONOPOLY—(23½ 4½) 11.6—23½ 4½
HUNGARIAN GOLD 1881—(102¾ 3¾) 11.2—102¾ 103¼
ITALIAN 5%—(89¼ ½) 11.2—89¼ ½
LOM. VENETN.—(7¾ ¾) 10.34—7¾ ¾
MEXICAN NEW 6%—(95¾ 6¼) 11.2—95½ 6
1893—(94¾ 5¼) 11.2—94½ 5
INTERNAL—(25¾ ¾) 11.2—25¼ ¾
PERU—(23¾ 5) 11.2—23½ 3
PREF.—(9¾ ¾) 11.2—9¼ ¾
DEB.—(40¼ 1) 11.2—40¼ 1
PORTUGUESE—(22¼ ½) 11.2—22 ½ 11.56 22¾ 22½
RUSSIAN 4%—(102¾ 3) 11.2—102½ 3
1894—(99 100) 11.2—99 100
SPANISH 4%—(60½ ⅝) 11.2—60½ ¾
TURKISH GROUP 1.—(65 7) 10.34—65 7
II.—(30 ½) 11.2—30 ½
III.—(18 ⅜) 11.2—18 ⅜
IV.—(17¾ ⅞) 11.2—17¾ 18
1894 CONV.—(96½ 7) 10.34—96½ 7
DEFENCE—(100½ 1½) 10.34—100¼ ½
URUGUAY 3½%—(37¾ ¾) 10.52—37¾ ¾
FIVES—(49 51) 10.52—49 51

CYCLES.

HARRIS RECORD GEAR—(1 ¼) 11.27—1 ¾

BREWERIES AND DISTILLERIES.

ALLSOPP ORD.—(170 1) 11.59—170 1
PREF.—11.59—169½ 60⅜
EERSTE FABRICKEN—(1 ¾) 11.45—1 ¾
LONDON DISTILLING AND YEAST—⅛ ⅛ 12.9—⅛ ⅛
DEB.—(101 3 xd) 12.9—104 6
SOUTH AFRICAN—(1¼ ½) 11.45—1¾ ½

GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

AUSTRIAN INCANDESCENT—(2⅛ 2⅜) 12.9 — 2⅛ 2⅜
ENGLISH INCANDESCENT—(2 ⅛) 12.9—2 ⅛
GAS LIGHT AND COKE—(301 4) 12.9—302 5

TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES

ANGLO-AMERICAN—(49 52) 12.4—49 52
A—(7¾ 8¼) 12.4—7½ 8
B—(93½ 4¾) 12.4—93½ 4½
HENLEY'S TGPH. WORKS—(18½ 19½) 12.4—18½ 19½
PREF.—(18½ 19½) 12.4—18¼ 19⅝
DEB.—(108 12) 12.4—108 11
12.4 — BRAZILIAN SUBMARINE 15 ½, DIRECT UNITED STATES 8¾ 9¼, EASTERN 17 ½, PREF. 18¼ ¾, EASTERN EXTENSION 17¾ 18¼, GLOBE 11 ½, PREF. 17 ½, G.N. OF COPENHAGEN 4 5, NATIONAL TELEPHONE 6¼ ½, TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION 34 37, WEST. AND BRAZILIAN 7¾ 8¼, DEF. 1¾ 2⅛, PREF. 6¼ ¾, W. INDIA AND PANAMA ⅝ 1⅛, 1ST PREF. 11 ½

MISCELLANEOUS.

AERATED BREAD—(11½ ¾) 11.59—11¾ 12
APOLLINARIS AND JOHANNIS—(10⅞ 11⅛) 11.25—11 ¼ 12.1—11⅛ ⅜
PREF.—(10½ ¾) 11.2—10⅝ ¾ 12.1—10¼ ¾
DEB.—(3 5) 11.25—3 5 12.1—4 6
BROCKIE LAMP—(⅞ 1⅛) 11.59—⅞ 1⅛
BRYANT AND MAY—(19 ¼) 11.59—19 ½
COATS (J. & P.)—(65½ 6) 11.59—65½ 6
PREF.—11.59—18 ¼
DANES DISCOUNT—11.27—2¼ ¾
EASTMANS—(3⅛ ⅜) 11.59—3⅛ ⅜
PREF.—(10⅝ ⅞) 11.59—10⅝ ⅞
FLETCHER SON AND FEARNALL PREF. — (5½ 6) 11.27—5½ 6
FULLER'S SWEETS—(1⅜ 1½) 11.59—1⅜ 1½
HARROD'S STORES—(5⅝ ⅞) 11.59—5⅝ ⅞
HOLBORN AND FRASCATI—(1¾ 2) 12.1—1¾ 2
PREF.—(12¾ ¾) 12.1—12¾ ⅞
IMPERIAL OTTOMAN — (10⅛ ¼) 11.2—10⅛ ⅜
JAYS—(1¾ ½) 12.1—1¾ ½
PREF.—(6⅛ ⅜) 12.1—6⅛ ⅜
LEWIS AND BURROWS—(⅜ ½) 11.27—⅜ ½
PREF.—(⅝ ⅞) 11.27—⅝ ⅞
LOVEY'S—(1½ ⅝) 12.1—1½ ¾
PREF.—(1⅛ ⅜) 12.1—1⅛ ⅜
LYONS—(1⅛ ⅛) 12.1—1⅛ ⅛
MAPLE AND CO.—(3½ ¾) 12.1—3½ ¾
PREF.—(1½ ⅝) 12.1—1½ ⅝
MAXIM NORDENFELT—(4 ¼) 11.59—4 ¼
NOBEL DYNAMITE—(18¾ 19¼) 11.59—18¾ 19
PAQUIN—(1⅛ ⅛) 12.1—1⅛ ⅛
PREF.—(4¾ 5) 12.1—4¾ 5
PEARS—(1⅛ ⅛) 12.1—1⅛ ⅛ xd
PREF.—(13¾ 14¾) 12.1—13¾ 14¾ xd
PEARKS AND GUNSTON PREF.—(1⅛ ⅛) 11.59—1 ⅛
PEEBLES—(7¾ ½) 12.1—7¾ ½
PREF.—(6⅞ ⅞) 12.1—6⅞ ⅞
RAILWAY INVESTMENT DEF.—(23⅛ 4⅛) 10.55—23½ 4⅛
PREF.—(114 16) 10.55—114 16
SUEZ CANAL—(124 9) 10.34—124 9
VAN DEN BERGH'S MARGARINE PREF.—(5⅞ 6⅛) 11.59—5⅞ 6⅛

MINING, LAND, &c.

ALASKA MEXICAN—(13⅜ ⅝) 10.59—13¾ ⅝
ALASKA TREAD.—(4⅜ ⅝) 10.59—4⅝ ⅜
ALADDIN—(1⅛ 1/16) 11.19—1⅛ 1⅛
ANACONDA—(5⅛ ⅛) 10.34—5⅛ ⅛ 11.56—5⅛ ⅛
APEX—(2½ 3) 11.45—2½ 3
ARMADALE—(1 ⅛) 11.19—⅞ 1⅛
ASSOC. GOLD W. A.—(2¾ 3⅛) 11.6—2¾ ¾
ASSOC. SOUTH.—11.6—½ ⅝
BANTIES—(⅛ ⅛) 11.35—⅛ ⅛
BECHUANALAND—(¾ ⅞) 12.17—⅞ ⅛
BECHUANALAND TRADING—(1¼ ½) 11.25—1¼ ½
PART PAID—(¼ ½pm) 11.25—⅜ ½pm
BEIRA RAILWAY—(6/6 7/6) 11.25—6/6 7/6
A DEBS.—(78 82) 11.25—78 82
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	Present.	Last Year.
Commercial Union Assurance	25 per cent. for year.	Same.
South Indian Railway	15s. per cent.	—
Wellington and Manawatu Railway	6 per cent.	Same.
U. S. and S. American Investment Trust	2 per cent. on deferred.	Same.
Rudge-Whitworth	6 per cent.	Nil
R. Emery and Co.	6 per cent.	—
Grand Theatre, Islington	10 per cent. (interim).	—
Imperial Russian Cotton and Jute	10 per cent.	Same.
Panawal Tea	8 per cent.	10 per cent.
British and Australasian Trust and Loan	5 per cent. for year.	Same.
New Primrose Gold	20 per cent.	—
Central Argentine Railway	3¼ per cent. for year	2¼ per cent.
South British Fire	15 p.c. per annum for half-yr.	Same.
Great Western of Brazil Railway	4½ per cent. for year.	5 per cent.
New Civil Service Co-operation	5 per cent. per annum (int.).	Same.
Royal Mail Steam	30s. per share.	Same.
Weiners	7 per cent. per annum.	7 p.c. per an. for 5½ months.
Rio Tinto	19 per cent.	11 per cent.
Rio Claro Sao Paulo Railway	14 per cent.	Same.

TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

	Last Week.	Inc. or Dec.	Aggregate.	Inc. or Dec.
North Eastern	£143,880	+£2,374	£1,903,061	+£29,137
District	8,319	+328	124,301	+1,609
Lancashire and Yorkshire	89,227	—4,153	1,300,368	—10,259
North Staffordshire	16,309	+128	230,779	+10,098
Metropolitan	16,256	+507	227,077	+12,374
Hull Barnsley	6,435	+1,183	93,859	+7,216
Great Eastern	78,784	+123	1,112,002	+42,647
Mersey	1,352	—196	20,712	—115
London Road Car	6,260	+135	80,756	+6,594

Railways.—Alagoas (February), Rs.36,015; Mexican National, 29,267 dols. (Mex.); Mexican £2,200 *increase*; Midland, £6,210 *increase*; Isle of Man, £123 *decrease*; Great Southern and Western, £491 *decrease*; Buenos Ayres Great Western, £2,759 *decrease*; Caledonian, £2,256 *decrease*; Chatham, £2,588 *decrease*; South Western, £8,916 *decrease*; Tilbury, £571 *decrease*; Great Northern of Scotland, £113 *increase*; Buenos Ayres Great Southern, £4,596 *increase*; Sheffield, £3,679 *increase*; Cheshire, £200 *decrease*.

Tramways, &c.—Monte Video Waterworks (February), £90 *increase*.

BANK STATEMENTS FOR MARCH.

	Liabilities to Public.	Cash in Hand, &c.	Ratio Cash to Liabilities.	Cash at Call, &c.	Investments.	Discounts and Advances.
National Bank	£10,267,500	£1,403,006	13.7 p.c.	— *	£1,326,061	£10,744,829
Capital and Counties	16,008,777	1,792,013	11.2 p.c.	1,919,102	4,427,078	9,146,166
Lon. and Midland	16,222,080	1,985,848	12.2 p.c.	1,605,181	3,157,431	9,248,408
Williams Deacon, &c.	10,860,798	1,433,493	13.1 p.c.	1,286,337	1,630,901	7,729,923
Lloyds	30,892,826	3,375,164	10.9 p.c.	4,116,681	5,617,228	19,917,990
Prescott, Dimsdale & Co.	4,350,208	584,499	13.4 p.c.	528,100	933,053	2,770,172
Union	15,358,159	2,402,125	15.6 p.c.	3,252,500	3,265,728	8,577,713
London & Westminster	23,937,416	3,682,362	15.3 p.c.	4,603,640	4,105,000	13,851,057
London Joint Stock	15,845,675	2,440,071

Publishers' Announcements.

(Continued from Page 6.)

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(Publishers' Announcements continued on Page 11.)

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(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Tuesday.—Much comment has been caused by a report which has just been published from the pen of M. Carteron, the French Consul-General at Antwerp, in which that official informs his Government that the Germans in Belgium are far superior commercially to the French who are established in the country. At Antwerp alone there is a colony of over twenty thousand strong, or nearly a tenth of the entire population of the city (250,000). They are members of every constituted body. The Antwerp Chamber of Commerce has as its president a German, and out of sixty-three commission houses twenty-three are German, all of whom are prosperous.

The most important German Steam Navigation companies have sent their own agents to Antwerp, where they are endeavouring to get full possession of the traffic to and from Belgium, at the same time benefiting by the special advantages that Belgium offers for the transit trade. Out of twenty-three firms of shipowners seven are German; in the banks Germans figure on the boards, the German colony has founded schools, associations of all kinds, and to-day represents one of the strongest commercial bodies in Belgium. The French Consul-General goes on to say that his people have had similar opportunities to acquire the same rank in the commercial and shipping world, but by their lack of enterprise and fear of speculation they have failed to cut any sort of a figure, the entire colony only mustering about sixteen hundred men, women, and children.

NOTICE.

The PALL MALL GAZETTE of To-day consists of SIXTEEN PAGES, in addition to a Supplement of a Facsimile Reprint of the First Number. Every Newsagent is bound to deliver to every Purchaser the three sheets forming the complete Number, and Readers will oblige by communicating with the Publisher, at 18, Charing Cross-road, in the event of any failure of complete delivery.

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NIGHTLY at 8, and MATINEES MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3.
General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

NATIONAL SKATING PALACE, 7, Argyll-street.
Morning and Evening Sessions, 3s.
Afternoon Session (Non-Skaters half-price), until 6.30 P.M., 5s
A GRAND ST. GEORGE'S FETE will be held on the 26th inst., from 8 P.M. till 12.30 A.M.
Admission, 5s.

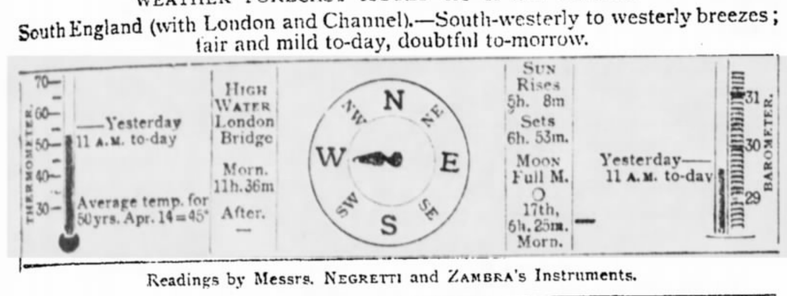
HOTELS AND HEALTH RESORTS.

ABERYSTWITH.—Soft Atlantic Breezes. Pure water from Plinlimmon, and excellent drainage. The late Sir Jas. Clarke, M.D., says:—"A fortnight at Aberystwith is equal to a month at most watering-places." The QUEEN'S and BELLE VUE HOTELS face the sea.—For tariffs, &c., apply to W. H. PALMER, Proprietor.

BOSCOMBE, Bournemouth, THE CHINE HOTEL.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
Magnificent sea views. Moderate charges. Pock East Station.—Miss PARNETT (late of the Inns of Court Hotel), Manageress.

WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.

South England (with London and Channel).—South-westerly to westerly breezes; fair and mild to-day, doubtful to-morrow.



Readings by Messrs. NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA's Instruments.

FOURTH EDITION.

GRECO-TURKISH SITUATION

INSURGENT BANDS RETURNING.

MERCHANTS FLEEING FROM POSSIBLE DANGER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

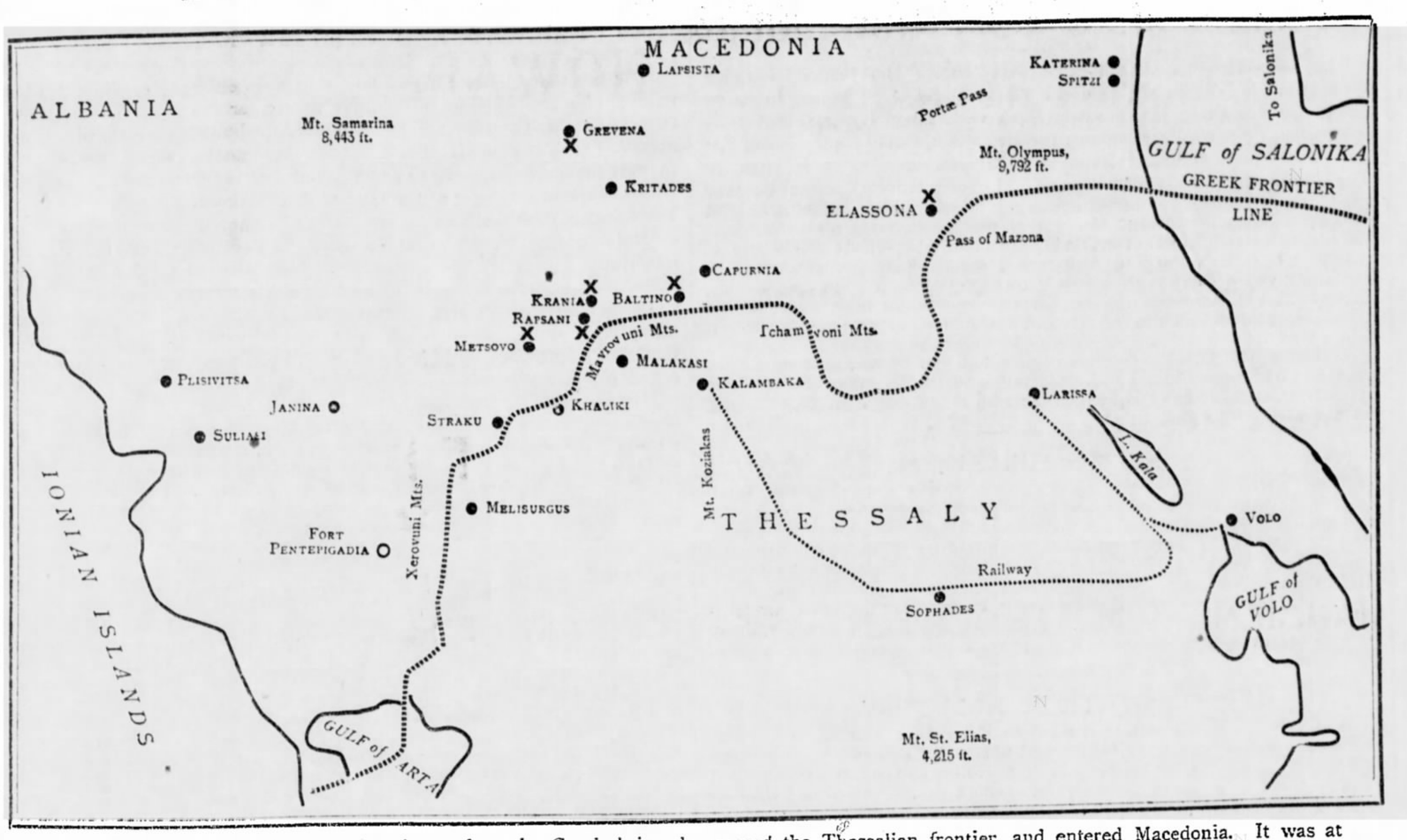
ARTA, April 2.—In the port of St. Maura, where we waited nearly twenty-four hours to permit the unloading of a quantity of war material, we found the Greek warships the *Admiral Miaulis*, a cruiser commanded by Commodore Zotos, the *King George*, an ironclad, and the *Eurotas*, a gunboat of somewhat antiquated type. These three vessels form part of the fleet which might in the event of war be utilized for a naval attack by the Greeks on the Turkish port of Preveza, which faces Actium in the extremely narrow strait of Ambrakia. At these two points the Turkish and Greek forces are within sight and earshot of one another. According to treaty, the waters of the strait are common to both nations, and the fortresses on either side must be maintained in a permanent state of disarmament, except in the case of war. Until recently, however, the Turks had three big guns at Preveza and a good many others of smaller calibre, but, owing to a protest from the Greek Commodore, these have disappeared from sight, though there can be little doubt that they are within easy reach. Preveza is an exceptionally strong place, and if well defended, would be almost impregnable. The shore is defended by a long wall and a ditch, and its forts command the approaches by sea. The Greeks have made no secret of their plan of

ATTACKING PREVEZA BY SEA

by means of the combined action of four gunboats at present stationed at Vonitza co-operating with the three ironclads mentioned above, which would attack from the Ionian Sea to the west of Actium. The population of Preveza is thought to be favourable to the Greeks and would possibly support a military attack made in the rear of the town by Greek troops advancing from Arta. But the ground there is exceedingly marshy, and the forest that surrounds Preveza on the west would interfere with the effective shelling of the forts. The Greeks count much, however, on the inferiority of the Turkish fire. In front of Preveza the Greeks have a small fort, and I saw them busily engaged in throwing up earthworks; but the marshiness of the ground is a great disadvantage, for it makes the material for these works rather scarce. Behind, to the east of Preveza, there is a low range of hills within easy shot of the Greek shore which the Turks are preparing to fortify, and I saw a number of them constructing a battery on the summit of one of these which might seriously interfere with the approach of the Greek gunboats from Vonitza. The Greeks, however, have full confidence in their naval strength, and make small count of these obstacles. The scene in the port of Koprena was curious enough, and gave us the first foretaste of war. In the harbour were two long sailing-boats with gigantic masts and particoloured sails, on the point of leaving. They were filled with Jews and their families, hurrying away from the scene of the threatened hostilities. The decks were piled high with their squalid effects, and they formed

A PICTURESQUE CROWD

squatting in the midst of their household furniture, the Jewesses in particular being conspicuous by the brilliant coloured raiment in which they were apparelled, scarlet predominating. A hundred sacks of flour, the gift of a Philhellenic American, were scattered about on the landing stage of Koprena, and carts were being piled high with war material and officers' luggage for transport to Arta. It is not to be expected that the discipline of an Oriental army should quite come up to European ideas. Here officers and men were mingled together drinking and eating and wrangling side by side. The peasants were refractory, and refused to bring up the carts and horses which were wanted. The shouting and jabbering on all sides were indescribable. No one seemed to be absolutely in command. At last I obtained an open cart. The immensely fat and elderly Colonel Miaulis (nephew of the famous patriot), who had only partially recovered from a broken leg, but insisted upon going to the front, was hoisted into it with difficulty. He sat on a portmanteau belonging to the French Consul at Patras, who was one of our party, and his weight caused a box of sardines inside to break, with most ruinous results. All the way he held in his hand an enormous biscuit, and had a fixed smile of contentment on his face. He was typical of the absolute, if unreasoning, determination of the Greek army to push forward against all odds and at all hazards. On the road to Arta we met a battery of field artillery, which was fairly well-horsed, though the harness did not



From this map will be seen the place where the Greek brigands crossed the Thessalian frontier, and entered Macedonia. It was at Krania where they made their first attack on the Turkish forces, and reinforcements were drawn from Grevena, where there was a strong Turkish force. The main Turkish position is at Elassona. Baltino is the point near which 1,500 insurgents crossed the frontier, and which is said to be now occupied by them. Rapsani, to the south of Krania, is where the insurgents are reported to have made another incursion across the frontier.

ook very solid, and a little further we came to an encampment forming the extreme point of the defences of Peta (the centre of the proposed operations from Arta).

THE GREEK SOLDIER'S UNIFORM

is so much like the French, and his accoutrement (he carries the Gras rifle) is adjusted on such similar lines, that any picture of a halt of French troops during the Franco-Prussian war gives a fair idea of this scene, viewed from a distance. But on approaching nearer the Oriental element becomes noticeable. Many of the troops retain their picturesque costume, the *fustanella* or kilt with white hose, a black *pompon* on the tips of their shoes, which turn upwards, and black-tasselled garters. Those who belong to the regular army mostly wear the regulation overcoat or *kepi* or have a crown and a cross worked in gold on their fez, but the volunteers who have been enrolled by the National Committee have no uniform, and their only distinction is a black sheepskin cap, on which is embroidered a white cross. The route was thronged with men in all phases of incomplete uniform and local costume, walking at the alert pace of mountaineers and carrying their guns horizontally across their backs. They were fine-looking soldiers. Carriages and carts filled with fleeing Jews passed us continually on the road, and just as we entered the town we met a battalion of engineers, who were really a smartly-drilled body of men who would have done credit to any army. Arta is still, in all outward appearance, an Oriental town, and has changed but little since it was in the possession of the Turks, some eighteen years ago. Its narrow streets were so crowded with soldiers that passage was extremely difficult. We forced our way to the principal café, where officers and men were drinking and smoking in compact circles.

GREEK GOVERNMENT AND FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Wednesday.—According to news received here, the Greek irregulars on the Epirus frontier are preparing an incursion into Ottoman territory, similar to that of Friday last in Macedonia.

Several special bodies of volunteers are being formed here with the approbation of the Greek Government. War is considered here to be certain.

ANOTHER COUNCIL OF TURKISH MINISTERS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Tuesday.—The Greek Minister to-day made verbal representations to the Porte in reference to the incident at the frontier station of the Prophet Elias, when the Turks fired on an advanced post of the Greeks, and wounded an officer. The Minister requested that measures should be taken to prevent a recurrence of such incidents in the future. Similar representations were made to Assim Bey, the Ottoman Minister in Athens, who on the other hand drew the attention of the Hellenic Government to the raid made by the Greeks across the frontier near Krania. M. Skouzes assured Assim Bey in reply, that the Greek troops had not moved from their positions.

According to private information received here, bands of Greeks have passed Kipuri, and are marching on Grevena. An extraordinary council of Ministers, to which a number of high State officials have also been summoned to attend, has again been convoked to meet at Yildiz Kiosk to-day. It is believed that an important decision will be arrived at. The general impression is that yesterday's council not having been able to come to a decision acceptable to the Sultan, his Majesty has called together his Ministers to consider the situation once more.

It is declared, however, that as the result of the Council yesterday a circular has been addressed to the Ottoman representatives to the six Great Powers dealing with the recent incidents on the frontier of Thessaly. The attention of Turkish official circles is at present concentrated on the attitude of Greece, to the exclusion of other affairs. Moreover, in consequence of the questions pending between Turkey and Greece, the negotiations with the Powers relative to Crete are now in *statu quo*. It is not improbable that changes may take place in the Ministry. Rumours to this effect are in circulation.—*Reuter.*

RETURN OF THE MACEDONIAN BANDS.

TRIKHALA, Wednesday.—The Macedonian bands have returned to Greek territory, with the exception of one or two which form a relatively small number of men. Those which have returned are at present at Koutrouffiani. —*Reuter.*

THE FIGHTING AT BALTINO.

LARISSA, Wednesday.—According to the latest reports from the frontier the insurgents have driven the Turks out of Baltino with a loss of forty killed.

The Macedonian chief Davelis, after completely routing a Turkish battalion which was sent to attack him at Krania, advanced to Kipuri. His own losses in the fighting were slight.—*Reuter.*

TURKS FIRED ON BY FOREIGN WARSHIPS.

CANEA, Wednesday.—The Turks have accepted the conditions of Colonel Vassos concerning the prisoners at Malaxa, who will be given up to-day. Yesterday the Turks fired upon the insurgents and some visitors at Akrotiri. The warships of the Powers intervened to stop the fusilade.—*Reuter.*

ONE EFFECT OF THE BLOCKADE.

ATHENS, Wednesday.—A despatch has been received from the camp of Colonel Vassos declaring that in consequence of the blockade 250 wounded are deprived of medical necessaries.—*Reuter.*

ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH NURSES IN ATHENS.

ATHENS, Wednesday Morning.—A party of English nurses, accompanied by several English volunteers, have arrived here. A public reception was accorded them, at which several speeches were delivered, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the large crowds who had witnessed their arrival. The nurses were received in private audience by the Crown Princess.—*Central News.*

STEAMER ASHORE OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

EXCITING RESCUE OF PASSENGERS AND CREW.

The steamship *Moyune*, belonging to the China Mutual Steamship Navigation Company, ran ashore at five o'clock this morning while in a disabled state near St. Catherine's Point, in the Isle of Wight. A heavy sea, with a strong westerly wind, prevailed at the time. The vessel lies in a most dangerous position, and should the weather continue unfavourable there will be little chance of getting her off. Directly the alarm was raised, the coastguard hastened to the scene, and after some time communication with the ship was effected by means of the rocket apparatus. The passengers and crew were rescued from the vessel being drawn to the shore over the line amid a scene of much excitement, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

The *Moyune* is a vessel of 4,646 tons, and built by Messrs. D. and W. Henderson and Co. of Glasgow, in 1895. She is 410 feet long, 48 feet beam, and is fitted with electric light. She is well known in the China tea trade, and has frequently been selected to bring home the first cargo of the new season's crop.

Two tugs have been sent from Southampton to the assistance of the steamer *Moyune*, in the hope that the vessel may be refloated.

A telegram from Lloyd's signal station at St. Catherine's Point this morning states that the *Moyune*, steamer, London for Glasgow, is ashore just under the station in a critical position, having come ashore at 4 A.M., owing to her machinery being disabled. A further telegram states that the steamer is lying bow to land, above one hundred yards from the beach, driving in. A gale is blowing from the south-west with a heavy sea and a perfect deluge of rain. The captain's wife and child and six Chinese of the crew have been landed by rocket apparatus.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY AT ANERLEY

A man named Jones, of Friern-road, Dulwich, is reported to have murdered a widow named Isabel Saunders, at a boarding house in Lullington-road, Anerley, this morning. They were found lying side by side with revolver wounds in their bodies. No reason is assigned for the tragedy.

OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Tuesday.—The exhibition will be opened formally next Saturday week at two in the afternoon. The King and Queen, Princess Clementine, the Count and Countess of Flanders, Prince Albert of Flanders, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern and Princess Josephine will attend, accompanied by the Diplomatic Corps. The number of invited guests will be 1,600, for each of whom a seat will be reserved. The ceremony will commence by a cantata composed for the occasion by Paul Gilson, after which speeches will be made first by the Minister of Labour, M. Nyssens, then by the King, after which the Royal party will visit the halls, where they will be presented to the different foreign commissioners by the Ambassadors and Ministers.

ANARCHIST ARRESTS IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, Wednesday.—The Anarchists Landauer and Spohr were arrested here yesterday evening after they had left the Criminal Court where they had appeared as witnesses in the trial of the Anarchist Koschemann and others who are charged with having attempted the life of a police officer named Krause, in June, 1895, by means of an infernal machine sent to him through the post.—*Reuter.*

THE DEATH OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG.

BERLIN, Wednesday.—It is announced here that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin died of paralysis of the heart, passing away peacefully in his bed surrounded by the members of his family.—*Reuter.*

BOILER EXPLOSION IN FRANCE.

CLERMONT-FERRAND, Wednesday.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred last night at the St. Amand Paper Mills near here. Three men were killed and about twelve more seriously injured. The building was completely wrecked.—*Dalziel.*

FRANCE AND THE TRANSVAAL.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Soleil*, in an article on South African affairs, insists on the necessity of preventing Great Britain from seizing a rich and progressive country like the Transvaal.—*Reuter.*

REDUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES FLEET.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—Mr. Long, Secretary for the Navy, on the ground that all probability of International complications has passed away, has decided to reduce the North Atlantic fleet. Several warships both at home and abroad, will be put out of commission. These include the *Minneapolis* now in European waters.—*Central News.*

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE "MAYFLOWER" LOG

BOSTON, Wednesday.—Captain Folsom, of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, who visited England last year, says he saw the log of the *Mayflower* then, and he was convinced it was not the original document but only a copy.—*Central News.*

CANADIAN WORKMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

VANCOUVER, Wednesday.—The Council has resolved not to employ workmen from the United States on any public works, owing to the alleged refusal of the United States authorities to admit Canadian workmen. It is believed that similar retaliatory measures will be taken in other places.—*Central News.*

TO-DAY'S LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

A PADDINGTON BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

The case of Hoskins v. Nash came to-day before Mr. Justice Lawrance and a common jury in the Queen's Bench Division, it being an action brought by Miss Emily Hoskins, who lives with her mother and brother at Caird-street, Queen's Park, against the defendant, David Henry Nash, the son of a well-to-do decorator, living in Paddington, to recover damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage. The defendant denied that he ever agreed to marry the plaintiff, and alternatively pleaded that if he did promise to marry the plaintiff, the promise was rescinded by mutual consent The plaintiff was a friend of the defendant's family, and in 1894 was bridesmaid at his sister's wedding. After that the defendant, who worked for his father, walked out with her, and ultimately became engaged to her, giving her an engagement ring on her twenty-first birthday. Afterwards the defendant broke off the engagement and refused to give her any explanation why he did so. The plaintiff, under cross-examination, said she had several little tiffs with the defendant. He told her he was making £2 per week, and had money in a building society and in the savings' bank. He gave her an engagement ring which he said contained diamonds; he did not know they were paste.

A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

The Court of Appeal to-day disposed of the appeal of the North Eastern Railway Company in an action brought by Mr. R. Vyner, the well known Yorkshire landowner to recover damages from the railway company for their alleged negligence in not maintaining in proper condition the banks of the River Ure, with the result that plaintiff's grounds, on the Newby Hall Estate, in Yorkshire, were seriously damaged by the overflow of the river. Mr. Justice Romer found in favour of the plaintiff, but their lordships now reversed that decision, and allowed the appeal of the railway company on the ground that they were not liable to maintain the banks of the river.

RELEASED FROM HOLLOWAY.

In the Chancery Division to-day before Mr. Justice Romer an application was made on behalf of Miss Annie Roberts, the defendant in the case of Roberts *v.* Roberts, for her release from Holloway Gaol, where she had been confined for a month for contempt of court in not complying with an order of his lordship to pay £2,400 into court in an administration action. She had only paid £711 into court, and counsel now stated that terms had been arranged whereby the plaintiff should take £800 in full settlement and £1,300 should be lodged in the solicitors' names as security for the plaintiff's taxed costs. His lordship said the defendant should be released immediately the terms were carried out.

THE KANOW DIVORCE SUIT.

The case of Kanow v. Kanow and Abdy was mentioned in the Divorce Court to-day. Mr. Barnard, who appeared for Mr. Kanow, asked leave to withdraw the suit. No opposition was offered by counsel on behalf of Sir William Abdy, who was present, and his lordship dismissed the petition with costs.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF PRISONERS.

The Chief Constables of all counties, cities, and boroughs have been requested by the Home Office to furnish the Governors of her Majesty's prisons with the antecedents of all prisoners committed to prison for the first time, with a view of totally separating them while in prison from the habitual offenders. This departure will entail much extra work both upon the police and prison clerical staffs.

THE ENGINEERING TRADE CONFERENCE.

The conference between the engineer employers and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers was resumed this morning at the Westminster Palace Hotel. When the proceedings terminated last evening the conference was discussing the trial trips wages question, the various alleged arbitrary stoppages of overtime and the restriction of overtime generally, the masters having desired further time to deal with the machine question. After the Conference adjourned last evening a private meeting of the masters was held, and it is understood that the trial trips wages question will be prominently discussed at to-day's deliberations.

ANOTHER ALDERSHOT CANAL MYSTERY.

The Hampshire coroner was notified this morning of the death of Lance-corporal James Armstrong, 1st Royal Irish Rifles. He left the barracks at North Camp, Aldershot, on March 23, and was not seen alive afterwards Yesterday afternoon Quartermaster-sergeant Husar, of the A.S.C., saw the body floating in the canal in the same reach in which the body of the young woman Carter was found recently. Evidently Armstrong had been in the water for some time.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LEAVES FOR GIBRALTAR.

Lord Wolseley, attended by his aide-de-camp, the Earl of Errol, left Victoria at half-past ten for Portsmouth, to join H.M.S. *Prince George*, from whence he will proceed to Gibraltar. Lord Wolseley wore the military blue coat and cocked hat with plumes, and the Order of the Bath and ribbons. He carried his gilt sword. The Earl of Errol also wore his blue coat and cocked hat. Several officers came down to see the Commander-in-Chief off.

THE HINDOO MARRIAGE MARKET.

Anglo-Indians and native gentlemen who are wont to wail over the worthlessness of the crowds of young men who are year after year turned out by the University will at least, says a Madras paper, be consoled to hear that the educated Hindoo is selling dear in the marriage market. Parents of girls, we are informed, in these days, are feverishly anxious to get graduate sons-in-law, and they are often willing to forego much of their wealth to "buy" these graduates. Very often there is competition between different parents to purchase the same commodity, and the bargain is struck. At times it is the law of "monopoly value" that ultimately determines the deal; at other times it is the law of "supply and demand." The *Indian Mirror* writes strongly on this system of defiling the sacrament of marriage. It puts it as a shame that a Master of Arts will not marry or be given in marriage till he or his father can squeeze out of the bride's guardians so many thousands of rupees in cash; and that B.A.'s and F.A.'s have their corresponding value. Our contemporary comments that when a university graduate can stoop to this sort of meanness, as he does in very many cases, or is induced to stoop to it, one can well see "how

WORTHLESS, DEBASING, AND CONTEMPTIBLE

must be the education that he has received," but observes that he has had no choice but to receive that education, and that he suffers, and will continue to suffer, through life, for the faults of his parents and preceptors. It is surely rather hard to lay the blame on the preceptor. Often he is not of the country, and certainly it is not part of his duty to bid his pupils avoid making the most of their education in the marriage market; nor would such interference be well. At the same time, it is certainly regrettable that educated young men who have a responsibility to discharge should allow their education to be made a venal matter. Nothing is more reprehensible than the fact of graduates demanding of their fathers-in-law—as is often done—all sorts of costly things, such as landed property, house, watch, earrings, college fees, boarding expenses, vehicles, and other items of a son-in-law's bill. Such things would come well as voluntary gifts from the old gentleman, but are hideous as matrimonial extortions. All over the world, of course, the bridegroom is appreciated for what he is worth in one way or another. In India such worth has become a matter of education, and it is certainly a pity that education should be a matter of a pecuniary estimate; but one thing may be remarked, namely, that the system is at least an encouragement to young men to study; for it induces them to aim at a highly-placed bride along with the University diploma; and surely a bride is a delightful "prize!"

A NATIONAL GIFT TO DR. NANSEN.

The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have instructed the Controller of the Stationery Office to forward a complete set of the *Challenger* reports to Dr. Nansen, in recognition of the eminent services which he has rendered to the cause of scientific exploration in high latitudes by his recent expedition in the *Fram*. It is believed that this is the only instance in which this great national publication has been presented to an individual. There are about fifty volumes quarto.

R. G. Knowles has left Australia, after a most successful season there. He sailed from Sydney on April 10 for the United States. After spending a short holiday in his own country, Mr. Knowles will sail for England about the end of May. He will open in London at the Tivoli, Pavilion, and Oxford on June 7.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

RAILWAY AND STEAMER FACILITIES.

The fact that Easter falls so late this year enlarges considerably the number of places open to the holiday maker, for the latter part of April renders northern trips pleasanter than when the holiday comes earlier in the month. The railway and shipping companies, moreover, seem to extend year by year the area of their Easter excursions. Nor is there any lack of people who will spend a quarter of the time at their disposal in perpetual travel. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company announce the usual extension of time for which return tickets are available, and they publish a tempting list of seaside excursions. They are prepared also to issue seaside return tickets to Paris and Brussels by the Dover and Calais route and also via Ostend to Brussels. In like manner there will be cheap trips by the Queenborough and Flushing route to Holland. One of the features provided by the South Western Railway Company—and there are many—is a trip to the Channel Islands and Havre. Similar tickets will be issued to St. Malo and Cherbourg on certain days. All these places are worth seeing, and this is a good time of the year to visit them. Excursions of all sorts will leave for the South, including the Isle of Wight and the West Country, and those who are drawn towards those parts. The South-Eastern Company's system does not penetrate very far afield, but the company tap Kent, which is known to all as the hop county, and to many as the Garden of England. It possesses

MANY PLEASING SPOTS,

and to each and all of these the South-Eastern will convey holiday-makers by frequent and quick trains. Ramsgate, Margate, Hastings, Deal, Dover, and Folkestone are all on the line, and easily reached, not to mention inland places like Canterbury and Tunbridge Wells. The company's Continental excursions include Calais, Boulogne, Paris, Brussels, and Ostend, each an attraction in itself. The Great Eastern takes the Eastern and fen counties more especially under its wing, and many are the quaint and charming places that their railway touches. Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Felixstowe, and Cromer are a few of the watering-places that it serves, and the cathedral cities of Ely and Lincoln are also within its circle. There will be cheap excursion bookings, too, to York, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. A special feature on this line are the midnight trains the company run on Saturday for the accommodation of those detained late at business. It goes without saying that the trains to Southend and Clacton and Epping Forest will be many and long.

If the Great Eastern serves the East the Great Western serves the West, and the directors of the latter company are not backward in offering facilities to those who delight in the counties that lead to the Bristol Channel. The fares to Bath, Bristol, Weston, Minehead, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Plymouth, Falmouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, and a host of other places will be reduced, and extra trains put on. Trips can also be made to the North and South of Ireland, North and South Wales, Manchester, Liverpool, and the Isle of Man. The Thames will receive the support of boating men, and the Great Western takes one to some of the most popular riverside resorts. Many pleasing places can be reached by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, including Hove, Worthing, Bognor, Hastings, and Eastbourne. To many people, however, more pleasant even than these are Normandy and Brittany, and special arrangements are announced for those who wish to go to Caen for these parts of France. Rouen has attractions and so has Dieppe. The trip may be extended to Paris, where

THE COOKING ALONE IS AN ATTRACTION

to many. The Crystal Palace is served by this line, and the company undertake to run as many extra trains there as the traffic shall require. The Clyde Shipping Company occupy a high place in the esteem of those who like to go down to the sea in ships, and trips can be made by their vessels to Dover, Southampton, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Waterford, Greenock, and Glasgow. A special trip is from London to Dartmouth (for Torquay) via Southampton and back. Bordeaux is a place which, although not much known, repays a visit, and the General Steam Navigation's steamer will leave for there to-morrow instead of on Saturday, and a special excursion to Antwerp and Brussels will be run on the same day. Hamburg is another place that is popular, and this again can be reached by the company's steamers, which will leave to-morrow (instead of to-day) and Saturday. Antwerp, Brussels, Ostend, and Margate also find places in the company's schedule. Excursions to Edinburgh (Leith) can be made by the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company's steamers with the option of returning via the west coast and Land's End, or from Glasgow to Bristol. Among the many companies who offer attractions to Continental travellers are the Belgian Mail Packet Company, who are prepared to issue return tickets at single fares to Ostend and Brussels via Dover. The company also convey travellers to Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. It must be borne in mind that this sketch of what the various companies offer includes but a fraction of the many excursions arranged, and because a place finds no mention above it by no means follows that the companies have overlooked it. It would be safer to assume that every place is catered for, even Peebles, which the world knows on the authority of a respected resident is famous for its "deevilry," and this after he had seen what Paris could offer.

SERIOUS FIRE IN THE EAST END.

A serious fire occurred this morning at Berger's starch factory, at Bromley-by-Bow. Between five and six o'clock flames were discovered in a building of three floors used as a drying store. A private hydrant was at once brought to bear on the fire, but it soon spread, and despite the efforts of the employees the roof fell in. Engines and men from Bow and Poplar were soon on the spot, still the building was practically gutted before the fire was extinguished.

DEATH OF A CRIMEAN VETERAN.

John Winter, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, died at Wellfield, near Hartlepool, last night. The deceased went through the whole of the Crimean campaign, and held medals for all the principal battles. He was the first man in the British army to receive the French Crimean war medal for conspicuous bravery, and this was personally presented by Napoleon III. Winter was a native of High Wycombe.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORT.

AT 9 A.M.—Bournemouth, S.W., wet; Devonport, N.W., showery; Ilfracombe, W., stormy; Portsmouth, S.W., strong, wet; Plymouth, W., wet; Southampton, W., wet; Weymouth, W., fine; Barrow, N.W., cloudy; Aberystwith, N.W., strong, fine, sea rough; Llandudno, S., sea disturbed, sky blue, showery; Bath, S.W., stormy; Sheerness, N.W., dull; Herne Bay, W., rain; Margate, Ramsgate, S.W., rain; Dover, S.W., overcast, rain, sea moderate; Brighton, S.W., stormy, sea rough; Eastbourne, S.W., unsettled, sea rough; Hastings, S.W., unsettled, sea rough; Worthing, S.W., sea rough; Cromer, S.W., wet; Lowestoft, S.W., strong, overcast; Ipswich, wet; Colchester, fine; Harwich, slight rain; Southend, very windy; Folkestone, unsettled, 49; Ryde, S.S.W., overcast, sea rough, 50; Newhaven, S.W., stormy, sea rough, 47.

AT 9.30 A.M.—Boulogne, fine, some clouds, 48; Calais, fine, some clouds, light wind, fair passage, 52; Paris, overcast, 50; Marseilles, cloudy, 44; Cannes, clear sky, 48; Nice, fine morning, 47; Monte Carlo, fine morning, 46; Baden-Baden, unsettled, 44; Brussels, cloudy, 46; Ostend, fine, some clouds, 48; Les Avants (above Montreux), very fine, 45; Glion, fine, some clouds, 48; Interlaken, cloudy, 46; Macolin-Bienne, cloudy, 48; Sierre-Montana, fine, some clouds, 45; Geneva, fine, some clouds, 52; Vevey, very fine, 48; Berne, cloudy, 48; Dieppe, fine, some clouds, 47; Rouen, cloudy, 48; Rome, fine morning, 55; Algiers, fine morning, 46.

TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To Australia (parcel mails) Evening: to Canada, Newfoundland, Turk's Islands, &c., via Londonderry; to Fiji, &c., via Vancouver; to Constantinople and Smyrna via Marseilles (parcel mails).

MAILS DUE.—From United States, &c., via Queenstown; from United States, &c., via Southampton.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Melbourne*, from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro, &c.; the *Newton*, from Liverpool for Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Rosario; the *West Indian*, from Liverpool for Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Porto Cabello, Curacoa, Savanilla, and Carthagena; the *Louisianian*, from Liverpool for Colon, Mexico, &c.; the *Raglan Castle*, from Southampton for Las Palmas, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Natal; the *Raglan Castle*, from Southampton for Mauritius and Madagascar; the *Caledonia*, from London, for Gibraltar; the *Caledonia*, from London for Malta; the *Minister Tak*, *Seagull*, *Swift*, or *Professor Buys* from Hull for Rotterdam; the *Juno* or *Tasso*, from Hull, for Aalesund, Christiansund, Drontheim, Bergen, and Stavanger, the *Rona* or *Thorsa*, from Leith for Copenhagen and Christiansand; the ——, from Southampton for Havre.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have secured the entire rights of an original play in three acts by Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood, and will produce it in the autumn. The play contains parts for both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS.—CHAS. STILES and CO. offer these magnificent Pianos on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM at the most advantageous prices and terms. Apply for list to CHAS. STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C.

Pall Mall Gazette Office,
18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

The Prince of Wales was, on Monday, the guest of the Marquise de Jaucourt, at a luncheon given at the Pavillon d'Armenonville, in the Bois de Boulogne. His Royal Highness will leave Paris to-day for London.

The Prince of Wales will leave Sandringham next Wednesday morning for Newmarket, travelling by special train from Wolferton, by way of Soham. The Prince is to return to Sandringham from Newmarket on Friday evening, the 23rd, and on Monday, the 26th, his Royal Highness will arrive at Marlborough House for the season.

The remains of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will be removed on Friday from Cannes to Schwerin, after a religious service. The body now lies in the drawing-room of the Villa Wenden, which has been converted into a *chapelle ardente*.

Princess Henry of Battenberg went to Cannes on Monday, charged with a message of condolence from the Queen to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and her family.

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, who will arrive at Torquay this week for the Easter holidays, have engaged a suite of apartments at the Imperial, where Prince Albert of Belgium stayed during his recent visit. Another distinguished visitor is expectly shortly at Torquay in the person of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has announced his intention of visiting Homburg this year, and it will be his thirtieth visit. His Royal Highness will arrive on August 7, and will have rooms at the Villa Hanson, where he has stayed during his visits to Homburg for the last ten years. Villa Hanson is for the future to bear the name of Villa Strelitz. The Duke of Cambridge always meets his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke, at Homburg.

The King and Queen of Saxony have returned to Dresden from Baden-Baden, and will remain there over Easter.

Among the guests expected at Cettinje for the marriage of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg to Princess Anna of Montenegro, which is to take place in the second half of May, are the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, the Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, Princess Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Peter Karageorgievic. The Tsaritsa has chosen some magnificent jewellery as her presents for the bride.

The Duchess of Sutherland has arrived at the Hôtel de France et Choiseul in Paris; and Dr. Rutherfoord Harris, who came over to bid Mr. Rhodes farewell, has returned to the Hôtel Meurice.

The Countess of Lytton has arrived at Nice, and has resumed her position as Lady-in-Waiting to her Majesty.

The Earl of Carlingford has arrived in Ireland, en route to Ravensdale, County Louth; and the Countess of Huntingdon has left Dublin for the King's County.

The Earl and Countess of Southesk are staying at the Torbay Hotel, Torquay, for the Easter holidays.

Lord Overtoun has subscribed £1,000 to the Diamond Jubilee Fund for rebuilding the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.

Lord Blythswood, who has been spending a few weeks on the Riviera, is suffering from a severe attack of gout, and he has gone to Bath for a course of the waters.

The departures to-day for the Continent include Mr. Wolfe Barry, Lady A. Howard, Mrs. Henry White, wife of the United States Chargé d'Affaires, and several members of Parliament.

Lady Borthwick, before coming to town for the season, will break up her establishment at Ravenstone Castle, Wigtonshire, which she intends to sell. Her ladyship's decision has created some surprise, as the Borthwicks are now wealthy, and Ravenstone is a place of very unusual attractions.

Few gayer houses have been seen in Westmeath or the Midlands of Ireland than Mrs. Rochfort-Boyd's, Middleton Park, has been for some weeks. Hunting, balls, racing, and private theatricals have been kept up merrily, and the old 51st Regiment, now quartered in Mullingar, have aided the chatelaine considerably. At the Mullingar race meeting last Saturday Miss Rochfort-Boyd won one of the chief prizes.

Mr. Curzon, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, will leave London to-morrow for Germany, to spend the Easter recess. Mr. Curzon will only be a short time abroad.

We are authorized to state that his Excellency, the Hon. John Hay, the new United States Ambassador, is the bearer of Mr. Bayard's letter of recall from the United States Embassy in London, which he will present to the Queen when her Majesty returns from abroad, and it will therefore be unnecessary for Mr. Bayard to pay her Majesty a further visit.

We learn that Mr. Henry White, the United States Chargé d'Affaires, on Saturday evening last delivered at the Foreign Office a Note from Washington, suggesting the re-opening of the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries question. It is understood that the United States Government only seeks to have an international conference to prevent such wholesale slaughter of seals as occurred lately on the Alaskan coasts. It is possible that the British Government may not answer the Note until the new Ambassador, the Hon. John Hay, arrives on the 21st inst.

The Indian authorities have telegraphed that they are sending twenty-one instead of nineteen representatives of the Indian Native Regular Cavalry to England to take part in the Jubilee procession. Thus, with twenty men representative of twenty cavalry regiments of the forces of the Native States, forty-one regiments will be represented. The men are to travel with ten British officers by ordinary steamer, direct from Bombay to the London docks, where they will be taken charge of by the military officers of the Home District, under Lord Methuen.

It is not quite certain that the Hon. H. Escombe, Prime Minister of Natal, will attend the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, as the Parliamentary elections in Natal take place before June, and Mr. Escombe may possibly not retain his seat as member for Durban, as there is considerable opposition on the part of a certain section of the electors to his views on the Asiatic question.

The living of Llandevaud, Monmouthshire, which is vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Powell Edwards, has, it is understood, been offered by the Bishop of Llandaff to one of his examining chaplains, the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A., rector of East Bergholt, Suffolk, and Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral. The benefice of Llandevaud is one of the most valuable in the diocese of Llandaff, being worth £460 a year net, while the parish is the smallest in the diocese.

The Bishop of Ely, Lord High Almoner to the Queen, will be the principal officiating clergyman at the distribution of Her Majesty's Maundy in Westminster Abbey to-morrow afternoon. Four anthems will be sung during the service by the augmented choir. Handel's "Zadok the Priest;" "Wash me Throughly," by Pelham Humfrey; "O Taste and See," by Sir John Goss; and "Sing Unto the Lord a New Song," a new work by Professor Bridge. A Diamond Jubilee hymn, written by the Bishop of Ripon, will be sung to a setting by Professor Bridge.

The Rev. Francis Thomas Clark Margetts, of Clare College, Cambridge, late Vicar of Wendron, Cornwall, died at his residence, Elland Lodge, Torquay, on Sunday. Mr. Margetts had lived at Torquay for the past four years. He held livings previously in the Eastern Counties, and in Yorkshire, at Aldborough.

The Rev. Dr. J. Hastings, Kinneff, well-known to scholars through his editorship of the "Expository Times" and the forthcoming "Bible Dictionary," is spoken of favourably for the vacant Chair of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology in the New College, Edinburgh. Dr. Hastings has, after much persuasion, yielded to the pressure of his friends, and has allowed them to nominate him.

The Secretary for Scotland, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, has intimated to Mr. Alexander Asher, Q.C., ex-Solicitor-General for Scotland, that her Majesty has given her assent to and approval of the petition of the Faculty of Advocates, the prayer of which was that members of the Scottish Bar should from time to time be appointed to the dignity of Queen's Counsel, upon the recommendation of the Lord Justice-General through the Secretary for Scotland.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RACING.

Three decades ago horseracing was an unprofitable pursuit. However keen a sportsman a man might be, however clever a breeder he might be, there was little encouragement for him to race his horses beyond the indulgence in very heavy and serious betting. Men fancied their horses for certain races, they backed them accordingly, and some were ruined, while others made their fortunes. The Puritans talk nowadays of the evils of betting: if they could only see things in their proper light, they would recognise that the legislative conduct of racing has done more to reduce excessive betting than anything else that could have possibly been devised. Many of our readers will remember the old meetings round about London that flourished when the *P. M. G.* first saw the light. They were, as the present Bishop of Chester once said, "devil's decoys and depôts of damnation"—somewhat alliterative but very true. All that is changed now. Private enterprise, while finding a profitable vent for its own capital, made racegoing respectable. Away went the old order of things—an unkept waste, with only a shebeen for the entertainment of the racing man—and into existence came those splendid institutions which we know nowadays as Kempton Park, Sandown Park, Hurst Park, in fact, the parks all over England. Racing was made respectable, and it was possible for a lady to visit a meeting, be sure of an excellent place to see the racing, have a decent lunch, and be free from any annoyance, either in the shape of excessive crowding or unfavourable weather.

Meetings of this kind naturally had their effect upon the inducements to race. Where hundreds of pounds were offered before, thousands now could be put up for competition. The charges for admission to these "enclosed places" have resulted in such races as the Eclipse Stakes, the Kempton Jubilee Stakes, and the two £10,000 races at Newmarket. The Jockey Club, always an easy going institution, was only aroused to a sense of its existence by the offer of these large sums. Up to then the old heath at Newmarket had been considered good enough for race-goers, and the largest and best races they could provide were generally decided in the presence of a few hundred people. But with the advancing years came wisdom. Newmarket took a leaf from the book of experience. Stands were erected, courses railed in, enclosures made, and

SUCH WAS THE AMOUNT OF REVENUE

derived from these that Newmarket now can offer its two £10,000 prizes, the Jockey Club Stakes and the Princess of Wales's Stakes. Of course some people may take exception to these big stakes, and complain about the shortening of races; but, apart from arguing the question of whether these are for the ultimate benefit of the turf itself, there is no doubt they have had one benefit—they have made it possible for an owner of racehorses to run his horses at a profit, without having recourse to a betting-book. In one season alone the Duke of Portland who bets very little, if at all, won over £70,000 in stakes, a fact that under the old system would have been absolutely impossible. In any review of the progress of racing it is impossible, of course, to lose sight of the good work done by Admiral Rous in keeping the turf clean. Up to his death there is no doubt that the autocrat of racing made himself feared and loved by everybody connected with the sport. Wrongdoers had no chance while he was alive, but with his demise, an unhappy state of things began to grow on the turf, and there is no doubt that for some time it had a profitable state of existence in the shape of what is known as "the Jockey Ring."

The existence of this institution was exploded by the action of Lord Durham nine years ago, and it is to that nobleman that the present day racegoers have to attribute the excellent racing they are enjoying just now. Lord Durham objected to the old-fashioned system of handicapping and he explained to the *P.M.G.* why. He advocated the introduction of different handicappers for different race meetings, and one effect of the adoption of his idea by the Jockey Club has been seen this year in the fact that three lengths would have covered the first eight in the Lincoln Handicap. Then to hark back a little, we have seen a Prime Minister winning the Derby two years in succession, to wit, Lord Rosebery, with Sir Visto and Ladas, and this last year the Prince of Wales established a record for Royalty on the turf by winning the One Thousand Guineas with Thais, and the Derby and St. Leger with Persimmon. The last few months have been disturbed by the action of the Anti-Gambling League against one of the best and straightest known betting men on the turf. Of course Mr. Dunn is only the scapegoat. The object of these faddist gentlemen is to abolish betting at race meetings. When they succeed the millennium will not be far off. Yet up to the present the honours of war are with them. The law, as it at present exists, is on their side, but they have been content up to now with the knowledge. They have not tried to use their powers, though rumour has it that at Kempton Park on Monday action will be taken against the bookmakers. In the meantime pressure is being brought to bear upon Parliament, and there is little doubt that in the near future the mysterious word "place" will have a fuller and freer definition.

SEQUEL TO THE MUSSELBURGH RACES.

DEFEAT OF THE BOOKMAKERS.

Sheriff Hamilton has now issued his judgment in the actions raised in the Sheriff's Court, Edinburgh, by John McGuire, Portobello, and John Gorman, Portobello, against Andrew McIntosh, Musselburgh, for £250 each in name of damages. The pursuers, who are bookmakers, pleaded that at the race meeting held at Musselburgh in August last, they, on the instructions of the defender, were forcibly removed from the paddock by an inspector of police, in consequence of which they were greatly injured in their feelings, and were entitled to reparation. According to the evidence it appeared that the defender was collecting the charges levied by the Musselburgh Town Council upon bookmakers for permission to bet within the paddock, and it was alleged that the pursuers were ejected because they refused to pay these charges. Both cases, however, have been dismissed, and the pursuers found liable in expenses to the defender. With regard to Gorman the Sheriff finds that although he was put out of the paddock by the police it was not upon the instructions of the defender, or in consequence of anything that had occurred between the defender and him, but simply because his conduct was disorderly, the police acting on their own judgment. As to McGuire, the Sheriff says that he does not believe the pursuers' witnesses, and is quite satisfied that he was not put out of the paddock at all, and that the story of his ejection is a myth. The Sheriff adds that it is with hesitation that he refrains from directing the proceedings in the two cases to be laid before the Public Prosecutor. No reference is made in the judgment to the points raised during the trials as to the legality of the charges made by the Musselburgh Town Council for permission to bet within the paddock, the reason evidently being that the pursuers not having been removed by instructions of the defender, there was no necessity for dealing with the question of the legality of the charges or the power to eject any one who did not pay them. There is, however, reason to believe that the question may be raised by other bookmakers in another form.

RACING.

Capital sport was witnessed at the Maisons Lafitte races yesterday, when among the visitors was the Prince of Wales. The feature of the meeting was the Prix Boiard, a race worth £2,000, in which Castelnau followed up his recent successes by an easy victory over the four-year-olds, Champaubert, Riposte, and Beato, besides several of his own age in Fils de Roi, Valparaiso, and Ortie-Blanche. Immediately after the race M. E. de Saint-Alary decided not to send Castelnau across the Channel for the City and Suburban, but announced his attention to keep the smart son of Reverend in reserve for the French Derby, for which race he has been favourite for some time past.

It is a curious thing that Sati fell at almost the same spot eighteen months ago as Common Talk did yesterday. On that occasion Toon was so much hurt as to be kept out of the saddle for a long period. The injury which Jones sustained yesterday is happily not so serious as was at first feared.

ROWING.

A friendly race took place the other day, in the presence of a large company of spectators, at Bruges, between a four of the Sport Nautique and a crew composed of members of a Cambridge reading party residing at Blankenberghe. The local crew were strong favourites, but in spite of winning the toss were a length to the bad when half the distance had been covered, where they stopped, rowed out. The difference in the style of the two crews was very marked, the Belgians striving by an excessive use of their arms to make up for an entire absence of swing. The following were the crews:—

Cambridge: J. McBryde (King's College) (bow) (steers), H. W. Gould (First Trinity B.C.) (winner of Colquhoun Sculls 1896), W. E. Lee (First Trinity B.C.), R. L. V. Foster (King's College B.C.) (stroke).

Sport Nautique: Herremere (bow), Chautrell, Lescrawaet (stroke of champion four), Peere (stroke), Van Loo (cox.).

BILLIARDS.

Roberts now holds an advantage on the handicap points of 206, the result of some consistent play yesterday. The respective scores are—Peall (receives 12,000), 19,772; Roberts, 15,750.

THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION.

A CRUSADE AGAINST THE NEW MUZZLING ORDER.

At a meeting of the newly-elected committee of the Ladies' Kennel Association, the members of which are Lady Granville Gordon, Lady Reid, Mrs. Barthropp, Mrs. Preston Whyte, Mrs. Valiance, Mrs. W. J. Hughes, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Jenkins, and Miss Horrocks, it was decided that some active steps should be taken against the new muzzling order. The committee have, therefore, decided to open a fund to be called the "L.K.A. Anti-Muzzle Fund," to assist in organizing an effective opposition on behalf of the dog-loving women of Britain, with the intention of submitting their views to Parliament.

The present regulations, they hold, are not only unnecessary, if veterinary statistics may be credited, but if rabies were rampant they are inadequate, ineffective, and utterly useless. The enforcement is, therefore, a piece of tyrannical injustice to every ratepaying owner of a dog, while to the dog itself the muzzle is an act of cruelty for which there appears no justification. The hon. secretary of the association (Mrs. Stennard Robinson) will be glad, therefore, to hear from every woman who is willing to lend her name in favour of the movement as well as from those who are disposed to give practical support to the L.K.A. in this campaign.

It is the intention of the committee to call a public meeting of ladies at an early date after the holidays. Any surplus that may accrue from the "L. K. A. Anti-Muzzle Fund" will be equally divided between the Dogs' Home at Battersea and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

FOOTBALL.

THE GOLDEN REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Captain Nott Bower, the chief constable of Liverpool, before the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws, yesterday gave evidence of the enormous decrease which had taken place in the drunkenness of Liverpool of recent years, and said that one cause of this was, undoubtedly, the increased means of recreation in the city. Football, he said, had had a very great effect in decreasing drunkenness. A workman formerly left his work on Saturday afternoon, having been paid his wages, and stopped at one public-house, and had a drink and then went on to another and a friend stood a drink, and so it went on till they had a great deal more than was good for them. Now that there was a football match on the Everton or the Liverpool grounds, they ran off home and changed their clothes and cleaned themselves, and went off to the football match, leaving their wages with their wives at home. The men attended the matches in thousands every Saturday afternoon.

A meeting of the committee of the Scottish Football Association was held in the Rooms, Carlton-place, Glasgow, last evening, Mr. W. Chrichton (president) in the chair. The chief item on the agenda paper was the submission of the report of the Decadence Commission, a body formed to inquire into the decadence of the national game in various quarters of Scotland, and on behalf of this commission letters were sent to all the affiliated county associations, the report being based on the answers received from these. Twelve associations responded to the request, and after a lengthy and animated discussion at a meeting held on Thursday last, the members of the commission reported that the general tenor of the answers was the decrease of senior clubs and the great increase of junior clubs. Several associations expressed themselves of opinion that an age limit should be put on junior players. The committee considered this impracticable, owing to the fact that the majority of those juniors who would exceed the age limit could not get places in senior teams, and many would have no desire to play as seniors. Thus they would be compelled to give up playing football, a state of things which could not be tolerated.

CRICKET.

From the annual report of the Sussex county committee, cricket in that county is in a flourishing state, and the outlook for the coming season is most encouraging. They opened the season last year with a balance in hand of £622; this year they will commence with over twice as much. The report concludes with an expression of regret at the resignation by the Earl of Sheffield of the presidency of the club.

One of the most interesting portions of the annual report of the Essex County Club reads as follows:—"It may be within the recollection of the members that at this time last year the club was still indebted to Mr. Tebbut some £1,200, out of the £2,000 which he had advanced in 1892. Your committee are pleased to state that owing to the generosity of a great many members, and to the very earnest and active interest which the Earl of Warwick and Colonel Mark Lockwood, M.P., have personally taken in the welfare of the county club, a further sum of £800 has been collected towards paying off this debt, and the committee wish to take this opportunity of recording on behalf of the club, their hearty and grateful thanks to Lord Warwick and Colonel Lockwood for their invaluable assistance."

RETURN HOME OF MR. PRIESTLEY'S TEAM.

The team which Mr. Priestley took out to the West Indies to play cricket arrived at Plymouth to-day.

BOXING.

ENTRIES FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The following are the entries for the Amateur Championships, to be decided at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, to-day, commencing at three o'clock. Four of the holders, Captain W. E. Johnstone (heavy-weight), W. G. Ross (middle-weight), R. K. Gunn (feather-weight), and Percy Jones (bantam-weight) have retired, any way for the time being, which leaves the field more open to some who have tried hard, but without success, in the past.

Bantam-Weight: W. G. Worthington, Sydney B.C.; D. Burton, Battersea F.C.; H. Smith, Anchor B.C.; Joseph Whinney, Birmingham A.B.C.; H. J. Cooper, North London B.C.; C. T. Lamb, Gothic A.C.

Feather Weight: N. Smith, Anchor B.C.; R. Chambers, Anchor B.C.; R. T. Rock, Myddleton B.C.; H. Williams, Columbia B.C.

Light Weight: A. Vanderhout, Sydney, B.C.; H. Marks, Cardiff Harlequins F.C.; J. A. Cook, London; A. C. Turner, Edinburgh University; W. Hughes, Polytechnic B.C.; G. Brooks, Polytechnic B.C.; E. Mann, Lynn A.C.; J. D. Williams, Lynn A.C.; T. F. Douglas, Northampton A.C.; A. Thomas, Cardiff Harriers.

Middle-Weight: W. Blackbrow, London; W. Dees, Goldsmiths' Institute; C. Foster, Leeds A.C.; C. Cannon, London; H. Hillier, London.

Heavy-Weights: T. Galliard, Birmingham A.C.; A. Monk, Northampton A.C.; J. Childs, Orion G.C.; B. Hoverdale, London.

Upon learning that Fitzsimmons had, according to cablegram, resigned the championship, and that Corbett intended to post a deposit and defend the title, Charley Mitchell intimated that he was prepared to meet Corbett for a stake of £2,000, the winner to take the lot.

ANGLING.

A fine new spring salmon, which was caught in the Solway nets recently with a metal label appended to one of its fins, has been identified by Mr. Pasley Dunn, of Mount Annan as a fish which was caught in the Mount Annan water by his keeper with rod and line on March 3. The fish was then in its kelt stage, and weighed 8 lb. After being marked it was set at liberty, and it must have found its way down to the Solway, and remained there for a month in the salt water until captured in the nets. It then weighed 9 lb., so that it had gained one pound in weight in the month.

So much enthusiasm has been shown by Scottish anglers with regard to Sir Herbert Maxwell's bill to provide a close time for trout in Scotland that the resolution to simply get petitions in its favour from the various angling associations has been abandoned, and the former resolution to get up a large general petition has been reverted to. Strenuous efforts will be put forth to have it ready to be presented before the Whitsuntide holidays. In Edinburgh fishing tackle makers and other shopkeepers are affording opportunities for signing the petition, and copies have been placed in the various political clubs in the city. Arrangements have been made for having the petition circulated for signature in Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, Leith, and other places. A deputation to the Secretary for Scotland in favour of the bill is also being organized.

YACHTING.

Sir Michael R. Shaw-Stewart, of Ardgowan, Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, has intimated his intention of presenting a One Hundred Guinea Diamond Jubilee Cup to be raced for by yachts of 60-rating and upward at the Royal Northern Yacht Club's Regatta during the Clyde fortnight.

LACROSSE.

The Crescent Club (Brooklyn) will return to the South of England to play the following matches before going home:—Tuesday, 20th April, *v.* Cambridge University (including several Leys Boys), at Leys School, Cambridge; Wednesday, 21st April, *v.* Surrey, at the Crystal Palace. Before the match with Surrey an attempt will be made to improve the record for long throwing. In the evening after this match a farewell banquet will be given to the American visitors at the Holborn Restaurant.

Publishers' Announcements.

(*Continued from Page* 8.)

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Publishers' Announcements.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

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(*Publishers' Announcements continued on Page* 13.)

MUSIC THEN AND NOW.

(By VERNON BLACKBURN.)

THE record of music during the last thirty-two years or thereabouts—the lifetime of this paper—is unified by one curious fact, that we are practically only at the present day entering upon the inheritance which was being busily wrought for us during the sixties, the seventies, and the early eighties. One's mind, for a beginning, flies back to Richard Wagner. In the late autumn of 1865 his was the thinnest of reputations; he had just left Munich in order to settle down to quiet musical composition in Switzerland, and it so happened that two years later he delivered "Die Meistersinger" to the world. In the June of that very year "Tristan" had been produced under the direction of Hans von Bülow, and the time of the great musician was now free for the building of the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, for the perfecting of the "Ring," and for the accumulation of artistic triumph upon artistic triumph. Having finished the "Ring," and having produced it with disastrous financial results, he wrote "Parsifal" for the world, and died in 1883. During the last six or seven years he has been *the* popular composer for England. There is a quiet satire in this plain record of events that no commentary can improve.

The fame of Berlioz in 1865 was even more shadowy in this country than that of Wagner; and he had, as a matter of fact, only four more years of his career to run. Nor had he yet fulfilled his reputation here. Moreover, for time is long and art is short, it is not exactly likely that he will now ever be exceedingly popular. He is known at this day to the man in the street chiefly by the Royal Choral Society's performance of "Faust," by an occasional song at an orchestral concert, and by a general fame for *diablerie*, for a curious satirical talent, and for an independent spirit in the face of trouble. The man in the street, who may be described as being upon humming terms with the "Tannhäuser" overture and the Preislied from "Meistersinger," probably limits his acquaintance with the music of Berlioz to three or four bars of the Hungarian March, and to an occasional reminiscent smile when he recalls Mr. Henschel's singing of the "Katharine Serenade." During most of these thirty years, too, we have had Gounod with us—Gounod the popularizer of Berlioz, the sweet, sensuous, lingeringly attractive composer, the delighter of women, the very molasses and candy of musical art. In the lapse of that period the popularity of "Faust" has, perhaps, somewhat faded, and that assertion of the prophet that "in Valhalla assuredly the artist of 'Faust' shall not sit below the philosopher of 'Parsifal'" has become a trifle antiquated and impossible. Still, Gounod is a solemn fact to reckon with, and one may venture to adapt in his regard that famous *obiter dictum* of Macaulay upon Southey, and affirm that "we doubt greatly if his works will be performed fifty years hence; but that, if they are performed, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever."

Whatever may be said of the actual musical work that has been created during the period which we are engaged in considering, there is no doubt in the world that we have been introduced, in the passage of those years, to a golden age of conductors. The first part of that period, it is true, rejoiced in its Costa, its Cusins, its Vianesi, and its Arditi, from whom an odd tradition was carried on, until quite recently, by Barnby. But Wagner, who has done so much for us in so many ways, is also responsible for the discovery of the conductor as a person who, although he may be utterly inferior, may also be the junction of many tributaries of talent. We practically identify Richter, for example, with this particular side of Wagner's work, for Richter learned his art at the feet of Wagner, and was in reality the first to show an astonished London that the orchestra was less a collection of separable individualities than an instrument upon which the conductor was appointed to play with results only limited by that conductor's artistic capacity. The brilliant and meteoric appearances of Mottl have, during the past five years or so, amply confirmed this opinion. Nor must the work of Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace be forgotten in this record; no man has probably done more during the last thirty years to introduce the best kind of music to the best kind of artistic society than Mr. Manns, and in any musical memorial of that time his name will shine with particular conspicuousness. Mr. Henry Wood is too recent a conductor to exact many words here; but his career will be watched with vigilant interest by all who take any national pride in the progress of music in this country.

It is sad to think, however, that our national composers take a singularly modest place in the world's list of musical art. Dr. Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Professor Stanford, Sir John Stainer, Mr. Edward German, and a troop of excellently aspiring young men represent what is usually regarded as the serious side of English music; and Sterndale Bennett, it must also be remembered, died in 1875. Nevertheless, it can scarcely be said that any one of these interesting composers at present fills the eye of the world. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, indeed, chose some years back to excite considerable interest in his future by some exquisite writing in his "Rose of Sharon;" but times have changed since then, and his fame is now not that of a great creator of music, considerable though that fame is. Professor Stanford is a charming composer within limits, and when you discuss limits you are not discussing the greatest art; and Dr. Parry has a curiously large vogue among audiences that know how fit and excellent a thing it is to prove their serious interest in the solemn things of art. The highest kind of song-writing is unknown to us, and it is, of course, undeniable that Sir Arthur Sullivan is the representative of English music at this day to the world at large. He alone possesses the touch of genius, the true vitality which belong to a creator of living art. It is easy to assert that Dr. Parry is a more serious musician, easier to compare the harmonic profundities of "King Saul" against the comparatively transparent refinements of "The Yeoman of the Guard;" yet the oratorio lumbers along where the comic opera flies upon the lightness of its own wing. In these thirty years—for "Cox and Box" was composed in 1867—Sullivan has created for us a new art. Far more delicate than Offenbach, and as melodious as he, Sullivan, too, has had to endure the reproaches that all serious men love to level at those that amuse them. It is the cant of the time to pretend that art should be weighted by solemnity of purpose, and it is not difficult to forget that Mozart wrote the "Nozze," and Wagner "Die Meistersinger." One does not wish to exaggerate, but that collection of comic operas from "The Sorcerer" to "The Grand Duke" remains in this period as its most brilliant contribution to the gaiety of the English nation. He has also written "The Golden Legend" and "The Martyr of Antioch."

Finally, Verdi is still with us, great and splendid, not for the work he did in the old days of trivial opera, but for the operas of the last thirty years, from "Aïda" to the glorious "Otello" and the delicious "Falstaff," a period in which he has shown the world how it is possible to steal like a bee the honey of Wagner, in order to mingle it with the more antique brilliance of the Italian school. And one may also mention Schubert, dead so long ago as 1828, but known to us chiefly in recent times through the loving labours of that nobly industrious critic and musician, Sir George Grove, whose name will always be associated with that of Sir Arthur Sullivan in the discovery of so much that the world might otherwise have lost by the destruction of those crumbling manuscripts that these two Englishmen rescued in Vienna. . . . So we enter upon the music of the future with no great operatic traditions indeed behind us, but not with absolute unhopefulness for the future, although with the memory of one gigantic failure to establish a permanent Opera in London still fresh in the minds of all.

TWO BOOKS FOR BOYS.

"Sindbad, Smith and Co." By Albert Stearns. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Many parents and guardians will bless the name of Mr. Albert Stearns during the Easter holidays, for never was a boy yet that "Sindbad, Smith, and Co." would not "keep quiet" till its last page is read. The idea is irresistibly comic, and the adventures as marvellous as they are exciting. We have seldom read anything more ingenious than the winding-up of the story. The book is quite delightful, and Mr. Birch's illustrations are remarkably good.

"A Short Innings." By Tivoli. A Public School Episode. (Digby, Long and Co.) Schoolboys, cricketers especially, will appreciate the story of life at Sheraton better than adults, though the short innings apparently refer to the fleeting loves of a master and a precocious damsel of sixteen. For the peace of households we hope that the episode of Dick and Myra is a unique one. There is spirit, and much knowledge of boys and their ways, in the book.

THE DRAMA IN '65 AND '97.

(By G. S. STREET.)

"FRUITS fail and time ranges," but the dear old "British Drama" goes on for ever in very much the same condition. "Don't bother about the British Drama: *she's* all right"—these, if we remember duly, were the immortal words of an admirer of the institution, and he or she may be assured that the British Drama is likely to remain all right, in the sense desired, for a considerable time. It is changed indeed, since the indecencies of a French comedy, instead of being Bowdlerized, were multiplied by five or so: but that was two hundred years ago. Since '65 there are not very many epoch-making changes to record. In '65 "The Hunchback" and "The Stranger" still lingered, in more or less vitality. There were melodramas in plenty, and farces in abundance. Macready had left the stage, but Charles Mathews, Phelps, Dion Boucicault, Miss Bateman, and others were powers. There or thereabouts you might see Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," George Vining at the Princess's, and Sothern at the Haymarket, where Mrs. Kendal made her début in 1865 as Ophelia to Mr. Walter Montgomery's Hamlet. Mr. Toole was in the heyday of his career at the Adelphi, and horsemanship and opera were flourishing at Astley's under Mr. E. T. Smith. It was the day of triple bills, and the playgoer, if (dubiously) in other things worse off than now, was consoled with half-price. You might see "Arrah-na-Pogue," and "Woodcock's Little Game," and the like. About this time was produced "Society," the first of the plays of the late Mr. T. Robertson, which, being in a friendly vein, I will call sentimental comedies, while now we have Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero. Have we gained very much? In idea, possibly. The plays of Ibsen, a little antiquated in thought, are still fresh in the theatre, and if they are not of our popular institutions, they still have influenced largely our popular men. I think we may fairly say that our theatre is more intelligent than it was in '65. For a slightly later period the older playgoers may charge heavily for Mr. Robertson's sentimental comedies. Well, in point of construction of dramatic comedy, "Beau Austin" beats him, and in point of superficial comedy of manners Mr. Pinero in his latest play beats him. But in point of human feeling, of a kind, and of contrasting human emotion, of a kind, Mr. Robertson beats Mr. Pinero, and we may as well leave the balance level. Who shall compare the actors? Nobody with sense; you cannot possibly judge from a printed record. We conjecture that the actors of '65 were more declamatory and less natural, and that the actors of '97 are more oblivious of the vice of underacting. For the critics, Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt were dead, and George Henry Lewes was alive. Now we have Mr. Archer, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Shaw. Well, ——

The first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contained no dramatic criticism, and its dignity (presumably) forbad theatrical advertisements. In the second number appeared an article by George Henry Lewes—we may give the anonymity away now—dealing with the theatres of Paris, in default of theatrical interest in London. The first dramatic criticism appeared on February 18, and was a notice (extremely adverse, I regret to say, who like to praise everybody) of Miss Bateman's Julia in "The Hunchback." But to return to Lewes. Lamenting the want of opportunity for dramatic criticism in London, he says:—"The present condition of the English drama is deplored by all lovers of the art. It is the more irritating because never were theatres so flourishing. A variety of concurrent causes, which need not here be enumerated, has reduced the stage to its present pitiable condition. We have many theatres nightly crowded by an eager but uncritical public, and no one theatre in which a critical public can hope to enjoy a tolerable performance. . . . Yet there is a smaller public—choice in its tastes and large enough to support a theatre—which would eagerly welcome a fine actor or a well-written drama." The quotation is curiously apt: you perceive an identity with the more considerable critics (with an exception or two) of the present day, and, in our humble way, with our present selves. It is the same story now. The larger public wants coarse and gritty fare; the smaller public, with a sense of better things, is difficult to reach. But we believe in all honesty that this smaller public is larger now than then, and that it is nearer satisfaction than it was. Meantime, it has unquestionably a more able ministry in the actual theatres. There is the Lyceum, where, if you do not see "advanced" plays, you are yet sure of artistic playing. There are the later plays of Mr. Pinero, not so good of their kind as his earlier farces, but fit for an intelligent public. There are—there are several elements for crowing over '65. Let us rejoice.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THE FOREGOING.

It is in looking over the records of the theatre that one realizes how many are the years that have passed since the green curtain and the old-fashioned footlights disappeared. In 1865 I considered myself a veteran playgoer. I had seen Mdme. Vestris, Miss Wyndham, and Miss Julia St. George in Planché's "Good Woman in the Wood"; had delighted in Alfred Wigan as Mildmay and Mrs. Wigan as Mrs. Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep," and laughed and cried over Robson in "Payable on Demand," "The Porter's Knot," "The Chimney Corner," "Daddy Hardacre," all serious plays; and "The Yellow Dwarf," "Mazeppa," "Medea" burlesques; and "Boots at the Swan," "The Wandering Minstrel," "Retained for the Defence," and "The Benicia Boy," all farces which kept one in a shout from start to finish. Lest my education should have been neglected in the more serious form of dramatic production I had been put through a course of Shakspearean revivals at the Princess's under Mr. Charles Kean, and had my young ideas sharpened by witnessing the then highly elaborate productions of "The Merchant of Venice," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," to say nothing of the performances of "The Corsican Brothers" and "Louis XI." With what exuberant delight I welcomed Miss Carlotta Leclerq's *piquante* and charming impersonations, the good looks and delightful swagger of my old friend Walter Lacy, notably in a little piece I remember called "The Muleteer of Toledo," and the dignified and womanly acting of Mrs. Charles Kean! At this same theatre, too, if I recall aright, I first saw as quite a girl one who afterwards became one of our best emotional actresses, Miss Kate Terry; and at a later period Miss Agnes Robertson, who in the course of time as Mrs. Dion Boucicault took the town by storm at the Adelphi, and turned the heads of young men and old, myself among them, as Eileen in "The Colleen Bawn," which had in those days the unprecedented run of 360 nights. How, too, could I ever forget Dion Boucicault as Myles-na-Coppaleen, Edmund Falconer as Danny Mann, and the famous header that made the fortune of the play? Then later, at this same theatre, Miss Bateman's performance of Leah in the piece of that name, but both of them in a remodelled and rebuilt Adelphi, a strange contrast to the small old house in which I had seen Benjamin Webster, Mdme. Céleste, Paul Bedford, and the never-to-be-forgotten Bob Romer in "Joseph Chavigny," "The Flowers of the Forest," "Janet Pride," and any number of melodramas, and even in those days had learned to scoff at the Adelphi guests. Nor must I forget dear Henry Byron's series of delightful burlesques at the Strand; "Aladdin," "Ivanhoe," "The Maid and the Magpie," among the many, or the inimitable way in which they were rendered by Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Miss Swanborough among the ladies, and by John Clarke, James Rodgers, and E. Danvers among the men. How easy it is to recall all these things and people, because it was much more than thirty years ago; and yet how difficult it is to remember the story of the play one saw ten days since! It is not that it was not perhaps a more refined and finished piece of workmanship than tickled one's fancy in the dying fifties and the early sixties, but the brain was then "wax to receive and marble to retain," and the impressions then formed partook of the vitality and vigour of one's physical system as it then was. I do not quite agree with Mr. Street in his estimate of either Tom Robertson or Mr. Pinero. The former had the great advantage of being splendidly interpreted by the best company of actors and actresses ever got together, and was able in that way to realize his ideal of a new departure in the school of dramatic writing, which began with the production of "Society" in 1865. With Mr. Pinero the case is different. *Autres temps, autres mœurs;* he, too, has to strike out a line for himself, but with the difference of thirty years added to the education of playgoers and of the public to which he desires to appeal. These are but a few among a mass of memories that are crowded out at the bottom of the column.

D. S.

Publishers' Announcements.

(Continued from Page 12.)

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(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

WHEN the first number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was circulating round the Lobby of the House of Commons on the opening day of the last session of the Parliament of 1859, with the text of the Queen's Speech printed in it, members must have shaken their heads gravely at the daring and the enterprise of a journal that had no more regard for conventionalities than to print an account of a thing the same day that it happened. They would have marvelled greatly thirty-two years later to have seen the same *Pall Mall Gazette*, still enterprising and still daring, coming out with a full summary of the afternoon's Parliament, down (on a Wednesday) to the adjournment of the House, with the afternoon's political news thrown in. "Yours is a wonderful paper," said a genial and popular member to me in the Lobby the other day; "I gave you a bit of news yesterday afternoon, and the next minute I read it in your paper. How do you do it?" It was hardly necessary to explain to my questioner that an evening paper must be as much abreast of the times as a morning paper, and more so; that has always been the conspicuous feature of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Yet the wonderment remains, even to the modern member. How is it done? The answer to the query is best provided by the foreman printer, whose description of the cunning contrivances of the typefounder, the stereotyper, and the machinist will furnish the key to the mystery of the rapidity of the publication of news. These thirty-two years have witnessed a remarkable change in the conditions of parliamentary journalism, and the writer of our Parliamentary Review in 1865, who was, probably, a member of a band of eighty or ninety parliamentary reporters, whose labours furnished all that was necessary for the service of the daily press of that day, would be lost in the crowd of nearly three hundred journalists that is constantly employed in the Lobby, the Gallery, and the Committee Rooms of the two Houses.

In 1865 the reporting of the proceedings in the House was done from a single row of boxes over the Speaker's chair; the "wing" boxes occupying part of each of the side galleries were not then built; and, with one temporary exception, no provincial newspapers had the privilege of sending their own reporters to the House; it was not until 1869 that the gallery was thrown open to the provincial daily papers, just before the General Post Office obtained control of the telegraph systems of the country and reduced the rates for telegraphing press messages. They were hard-working days, those of the middle sixties, and the lot of the parliamentary reporter was made by no means easy or even comfortable. At that time there was no writing-out room except the little room at the back of the gallery now given up to telegraphic instruments. This, with the two cubicles at the ends, was all the space in which the twenty or thirty who formed the average attendance in the gallery had to write, in the light of smelly oil lamps or indifferent gas. There the parliamentary reports of the time were built up, except in those cases where the reporters preferred to take their notes outside the House altogether, and write them in the seclusion of some neighbouring tavern, of which there were several in Bridge-street that were resorted to largely by parliamentary journalists for rest and refreshment. Where the line of trees now stands on the north side of New Palace-yard was a row of old houses, leading up to old Westminster Bridge and in the centre was a hostelry known as the Pig and Whistle. It was a roomy, comfortable, old place, and in its apartments were a number of chairs from the old House of Commons. Another hostelry stood near the foot of the bridge, and Champneys's and a favourite house at the corner of King-street were much resorted to both for refreshment and for work. Those who from choice or necessity took their meals at the House were treated to fare a little better than that of the Barmecide's feast, but not much. In a little room at the top of the staircase leading up to the Reporters' Gallery was a table and several chairs, and here the Spartan appetites of the reporters were indulged with cold ham and cold beef, provided by Wright, the messenger of the House in attendance on the Gallery. To smoke the reporters had to descend to the ground floor, where they used the dungeon-like room known as the "Star Chamber," from the fact that it is upon the site of that historic apartment. It is now given up to the gambols of boy messengers. To-day all is changed, and the reporters' apartments are appointed on a scale in keeping with the finest club in London, and the only element of discomfort is that caused by the congestion of all the rooms on a "big" night. The House of Lords was never called upon for accommodation on the scale of that of the Commons; but even here there has been a great improvement in the facilities provided for writing out and access.

Probably the parliamentary review of the early numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was the first descriptive report of Parliament regularly written from the Gallery. Of course, we know that in the days when the laws against the publication of unauthorized reports of parliamentary proceedings were enforced by the summary ejection of any strangers who were observed in the Gallery with the object of reproducing their impressions, the published reports were not only very sketchy but very inaccurate. But the free admission of reporters and the production of massive blocks of speeches in the papers was followed by a reaction in which the *Pall Mall Gazette* showed the way. Gradually the public has come to appreciate and to look for these lighter pictures of parliamentary scenes which most daily papers now provide for their readers either in substitution for or in addition to the ordinary summary report. The past few years have produced a great many clever and some brilliant writers of Parliamentary Sketches, of whom the most successful are those who avoid mixing up the functions of the leader writer and the descriptive reporter. It says much for the conservatism of the Gallery that it almost overwhelmingly favours anonymous and impersonal journalism. There are some excellent members of the Gallery who, without laying themselves open to a cheap charge of seeking advertisement, think otherwise; but they are in a decided if a militant minority.

But the most complete change that these thirty-two years have seen is in the branch of parliamentary journalism that finds its chief exercise in the Lobby. The Lobby journalist is a production of comparatively recent years, and he was scarcely heard of as a separate institution before 1870. Then, and for many years afterwards, the Lobby was open to all comers, and while the Lobby was open to the public the correspondent had to carry on his work under difficulties, taking his chance of interviewing members with parliamentary agents, constituents seeking orders, deputations, and all the other types of visitors to Parliament, and the Lobby in the late afternoon was as noisy as the Stock Exchange at noon. The dynamite explosions of 1884 gave the opportunity to the House to restrict the free access to the Lobby, and now no strangers are admitted except those on the Serjeant-at-Arms' List and those who are temporarily introduced by, and accompanied by, a member. On the Lobby List are some thirty or forty journalists, representing important newspapers and news agencies, and this restricted entrée gave them at once a status which they did not possess before and enabled them to obtain access to members under the most favourable circumstances. Even the *Times*, which has not yet recognized the art of the parliamentary sketch writer, was driven by the sheer pressure of competition to appoint a Lobby correspondent to represent its interests. This was as recently as 1891. Now most morning papers and some evening papers are represented in the Lobby, and the Political Notes or the Parliamentary Notes or the London Letter is a prominent feature of all journals that aim to be well-informed. In the days when the *Pall Mall Gazette* first saw the light the papers were content to wait for their political tips until some kindly-disposed Minister or official sent them in; now they have to be sought for, for your Minister or Government official is too busy nowadays to sit down and write the things he would like his newspaper friends to know. Moreover, the art and skill of the Lobby correspondent have to be exerted less in collecting information from willing communicants than in exploring the minds of Ministers, members, and officials in search of facts and opinions which it is more desirable for the journalist to acquire than it is sometimes prudent for the Minister or member to part with. It is a rare combination of qualities that makes the successful Lobbyist, and the most successful of the class stand high in the regard of members and officials alike.

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"Who is the publisher?"—"Mr. Grant Richards. Most people would have had pet writers or readers who would have wanted to be included; whereas he has been good enough to leave the choice of the sitters entirely in my hands. I have had some difficulty in making up my list, but it is nearly complete now. There will be twenty-four men and women, all more or less representative of the age, and representative of the older rather than of the younger generation. I can do the younger generation later, perhaps. For the present I have men like the Bishop of London, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Henley, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Mr. Gissing, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Whistler. Among the fairer members of society I have Miss Ellen Terry and the Marchioness of Granby, neither of whom, by the way, could with decency be said to belong to any generation but the present one."

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"You have had some success with lithograph portraits before?"—"My series of Oxford portraits was pretty well appreciated, but I am bound to admit that they were rather crude efforts on the whole. They were among the first things I ever did in that style. I have also drawn a good number of foreign celebrities—Emile Zola, Verlaine, and Daudet, for instance; but these partly suffered from the same fault. I think I have learned to master the medium now, and the present series are technically a considerable advance on the others. I am content to be judged by them. They are free also from a fault which has been imputed to some of my work, that it tends towards caricature. I have reason to suppose that the sitters themselves are satisfied, which has not always been the case."

"Anything else you can tell me?"—"I think not. The parts will be obtainable separately, as well as in complete sets, and I am designing wrappers and covers for them. The first part will contain portraits of Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Thomas Hardy, not on account of any inherent connection between the two, but because the drawings go well together. Also there will be no large edition. The portraits are designed to suit a certain size of paper, so what is the use of enlarging it?"

THE THIRD MOTTL CONCERT.

"HE that has read 'The Arabian Nights,'" said a great prose-writer once, "has haschish-made words for life." And, adapting the phrase, we will venture to say that he who heard Mottl last night in the interpretation of the Choral Symphony has haschish-made musical dreams at his command whensoever he chooses to summon them from the sleep of the past. Let it be acknowledged at once that in every single point of technical detail the thing, by dint of multitudinous rehearsals, might have been made more perfect, taking detail by detail. But if you look at the broad spirit of the composition, you are fain to acknowledge most freely and frankly that Mottl seized upon it, wrestled and grappled with it, until it seemed as though he were in truth a triumphant and conquering master, who had endured all things to complete a final victory. We have heard no finer Beethoven playing than Mottl's treatment of the great Adagio and Andante that compose the third movement, and of the glorious Finale. Those piercing slow strains of the Adagio seemed literally poised and moving upon the pinions of a majestic spirit that leaned, like Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, over the earth in its splendid flight. Nor is the phrase exaggerated; it is no more than the expression of one among those haschish-made dreams of which we have spoken. In the finale this great conductor received a noble assistance from the Leeds choir that had been specially engaged by Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius for the occasion. It suffices to say of this body of choristers that it would be humanly next to impossible to exceed the pure beauty of their tone and their most delicate sensitiveness to every mood that the music exacted from them. In this movement, too, the orchestra rose to Herr Mottl's most exigent demands; he held them in the hollow of his hand, and swept them forward with magnificent completeness to as perfectly conceived an interpretation that need well be desired. Quite rightly the first portion of the concert was entirely devoted to the Choral Symphony; the second part was given up to the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the Prelude and introductory Chorus to the third act of the same opera, the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the Prelude and introductory Chorus to the second act of "Tannhäuser." In all the choral selections the Leeds Choir lived up to their fine reputation; they possess that rare temperament that is impressionable to musical change, which is the last and most difficult acquisition of any combination of singers. In a word, the concert was a magnificent success for all concerned, but, above all, for Herr Mottl. The soloists of the symphony were Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Rosa Green, Mr. O. Fischer-Sobeil, and Mr. Andrew Black. Miss Palliser and Mr. Black sang with especial distinction.

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CRYSTAL PALACE (High Level), 1s. 6d. (incl. admission) every day.
On Good Friday Special Fast Concert Trains will leave Victoria (L.C.D.) at 2.45 P.M. and Holborn, Ludgate, and St. Paul's at 2.16 P.M. For other Special Trains on Good Friday and Easter Monday, see handbills.

Excursions will also run to Rosherville, Gravesend, Chatham, and Canterbury, and other L.C.D. stations on Good Friday and Easter Monday, and also from country stations to the Crystal Palace and London on Good Friday.

FOR ADDITIONAL and CANCELLED TRAINS see handbills. On Good Friday, trains as on Sundays, with certain exceptions.

CONTINENTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

NEW LARGE STEAMERS by all service (day and night), via Dover and Calais.

PARIS and back, 59s. 4d. (1st class), 37s. 6d. (2nd class), 30s. (3rd class), via Chatham and Dover, at 9.0 p.m. (Tickets valid 14 days).
The new ss. *Lord Warden* will run in the above service.

1st and 2nd class Excursion, at above fares, at 9.0 a.m. from Victoria and Holborn on April 15.

BRUSSELS and back, via Dover and Calais, 47s. 6d. (1st cl.), 33s. 5d. (2nd cl.), 9.0 A.M. and 9.0 P.M.; also 3rd cl. by 9.0 P.M., 22s. 2d. (tickets valid 8 days). Cheap tickets also via Dover and Ostend.

OSTEND and back, 28s. 3d. (1st cl.), 19s. 9d. (2nd cl.).

The above Continental tickets issued each day, April 14 to 19 inclusive.

HOLLAND, Cheap Trips, via Queenboro' and Flushing, by Day Service, April 15 to 19.

The CALAIS and FLUSHING BOAT TRAINS will run as usual on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday.

HANDBILLS to be obtained at the Company's Stations, or free by post on application to Traffic Manager, L. C. & D. Ry., Victoria, Messrs. Cook, Ludgate-circus, and 33, Piccadilly, &c., and Dr. Lunn, 3, Charing Cross, S.W., 47, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C., and 5, Endsleigh-gardens, N.W.

BRIGHTON VISITORS.—Members of other Societies can use their own Tickets at the
BRIGHTON AND HOVE CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (LIMITED)
(Stores founded 1873.)
Palmeira House, Hove, Brighton.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

FORTNIGHTLY and THURSDAY, FRIDAY, or SATURDAY to MONDAY or TUESDAY TICKETS will be issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton by all trains from Liverpool-street, also from G. E. suburban stations at same fares as from Liverpool-street. The cheap tickets will also be issued from St. Pancras (Midland Station) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer, except on Good Friday.

CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE, &c.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA and BACK 2s. 6d.—On GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, MONDAY, and TUESDAY, from Liverpool-street, Fenchurch-street, Stepney, Bishopsgate-street, Bethnal Green, Coborn-road, Stratford, Forest Gate, &c.; also from stations on the Enfield, Walthamstow, Loughton, Woolwich, Blackwall, and East London lines.

On GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY trains will leave Liverpool-street at 9.26, 10.10, and 10.26 A.M., and Fenchurch-street at 9.17, 9.58, and 10.17 A.M.

On EASTER MONDAY, from Liverpool-street, at frequent intervals, from 7.25 A.M. and Fenchurch-street at 8.13, 8.47, 9.20, 10.17, 10.50, and 11.47 A.M.

Through Excursion Tickets to Southend are also issued from Stations on the Metropolitan Railway viâ Bishopsgate and Liverpool-street.

CLACTON, Walton, and Harwich, 4s.—On EASTER MONDAY, from Liverpool-street at 8.25 A.M., and Stratford at 8.35 A.M.

BROXBOURNE and RYE HOUSE, 1s. 6d.—On GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY, from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, Bethnal Green, Coborn-road, Hackney Downs, Stratford, &c.

EPPING FOREST, Chingford, and Loughton, 1s.—DAILY from Liverpool-street, Fenchurch-street, Deptford-road, Gospel Oak, &c. On Easter Monday a Special Service of Trains will run between Liverpool-street, Fenchurch-street, and Chingford and Loughton; also between Gospel Oak and Chingford.

For further particulars see bills.
WM. BIRT, General Manager.
London, March, 1897.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

From LONDON BRIDGE WHARF.

To MARGATE and BACK Same Day.	Good Friday, April 16	London Bridge, at 9.15 A.M.	
	Saturday ,, 17		
	Easter Sunday ,, 18		
	,, Monday ,, 19		

Greenwich, 9.35, and Woolwich, 9.55 A.M.
Return tickets (available for day of issue only), 5s.
From IRONGATE and St. Katharine's Wharf, ANTWERP and BACK, Thursday, 15th April, at 5.0 P.M. Return fare, 12s. 6d. or 10s. 6d.
BRUSSELS and BACK (via Antwerp), 18s. 9d., or 14s. 8d.
OSTEND, Saturday, 17th April, 2.0 P.M. Return fares, 10s. 6d., or 9s.
BORDEAUX and BACK, Thursday, 15th April, at 3.0 P.M. Return fares, saloon, 70s. or 50s.
General Steam Navigation Company, 55, Great Tower-street, E.C.

TRELOAR'S CARPET CIRCULAR POST FREE.

ORIENTAL CARPETS

AT

REDUCED RATES

(Ask for Price for any Size)

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6,000 Foreign Rugs at 5s. 9d. each; Size, 6 ft. by 3 ft. Various Designs.

TRELOAR'S CARPET CIRCULAR, entitled "With What Shall We Cover the Floor?" giving prices, particulars, and coloured drawings of all the best and cheapest floor coverings, such as Persian, Indian, Turkish, Axminster, Wilton, and other costly Carpets, Cheviot, Shetland, Paisley, and other Seamless Carpets, Linoleum, Floorcloth, Cork Carpets, Cocoanut Fibre Mats and Matting, Felts, Druggets, &c., sent post free upon application to TRELOAR, Ludgate Hill.

Printed and Published by Thomas Hunt, at the Office, 18, Charing Cross-road, in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.—Wednesday, April 14, 1897.